HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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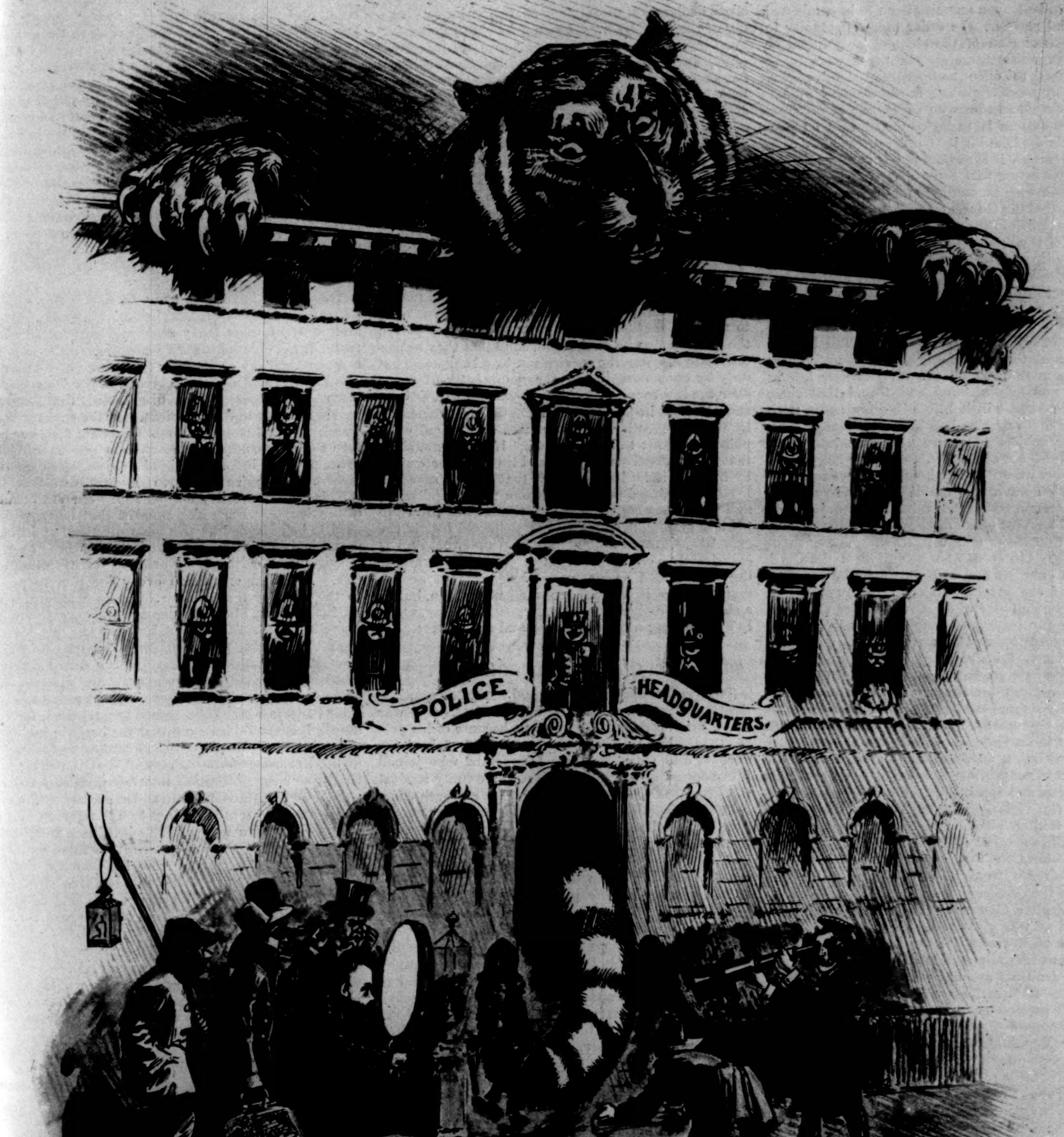

POLICE INVESTIGATION.
THE SMALL END OF A LARGE SUBJECT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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GOVERNOR FLOWER AS A CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER.

BY his official oath ROSWELL P. FLOWER, Governor of New York, is bound to see to it, as far as his constitutional power goes, that the laws of the State are faithfully executed. The civil service statute is one of these laws. Its intent and purpose is to withdraw certain subordinate places under the State government from the grasp of spoils politics, and also to secure good service by making appointments to those places dependent upon examinations to be conducted by impartial persons. In order more effectually to secure the exclusion of the element of political or personal favoritism these appointments were to be made subject to open competitive examinations, giving every worthy person a chance, and awarding the prizes to those who come out best. This competitive system is to be extended to all places to which its application is found practicable. Evidently the further it is extended and conscientiously enforced the better will the object aimed at by the civil service law be accomplished. It is therefore the obvious duty of the Governor, who appoints the Civil Service Commission, and who has the power to extend or to restrict the operation of the civil service rules, so to use that power as to bring as large a number of places as possible under the competitive system, and to insure a thoroughly faithful observance of it in letter and spirit.

How has Governor FLOWER performed this duty? We are informed that last June the Civil Service Reform Association of this city instituted an inquiry into the manner in which the civil service law in this State was administered, and found that since Governor FLOWER'S installation in office many positions in the State service had been transferred from the number subject to competitive examination to other schedules not so subject, and that a large number of persons were illegally holding places appointment to which was under the law and the rules dependent upon competitive examination, a majority of such illegal appointments having been made during Governor FLOWER'S administration. These facts were promptly brought to the attention of the Civil Service Commission, and also through the press to the notice of the public. Governor FLOWER thereupon addressed a letter to the Civil Service Commission asking for information upon this subject, and adding, "I desire to have the civil service law, as well as all other laws, faithfully administered during my incumbency of the executive office." The Commission gave a reply, the character of which may properly be inferred from the fact that no decisive steps were taken to remedy the abuses complained of. Then, about the middle of August, the Civil Service Reform Association addressed an elaborate letter to the Governor, containing a detailed review of the circumstances, and specifying the proper methods of correcting the violations of the law that had taken and were taking place, namely, the dismissal or proper qualification of illegally appointed persons, and the restoration to the competitive list of the places withdrawn from it. This letter was never honored by the Governor with an answer. Neither was Comptroller CAMPBELL heard from, who had been asked, as was clearly his duty, to discontinue the signing of warrants for the payment of salaries to the persons illegally appointed.

Another fruitless attempt was made by the State Civil Service Reform League in October. Then an event occurred which put a new face upon things. This was the State election, giving the State Legislature to the Republicans, and putting into the office of State Comptroller a man who, before the election, had unequivocally pledged himself to do what his predecessor ought to have done, that is, effectually to prevent the payment of salaries to persons who had been appointed in violation of the civil service law. After the election it became known that the new Comptroller, Mr. ROBERTS, would stand stoutly by his anti-election promises. Governor FLOWER had to face this new condition of things. On January 3d he called several of the heads of departments to the Executive Chamber, and of what he said to them he caused this account to be published: "I am desirous that the civil service laws of the State shall be rigidly enforced, and have notified the heads of departments to that effect. They must obey the law. All employés who have not passed the examination must be discharged. They cannot hold their places and take private examinations. The time for that is passed. The only course to pursue is for them to enter open competitive examinations in all instances where the law requires it, and compete for reappointment."

This declaration was so clear, so specific, so energetic, and apparently so honest, that upon reading it not a few civil service reformers felt as if they should ask the Governor's pardon for having distrusted him. Their surprise may be imagined when, by a subsequent investigation of the records, it was discovered that during the latter part of December last, immediately before the new Comptroller came into office, a considerable number of places in the competitive schedule, known to be illegally filled, had been transferred to the non-competitive schedules or altogether exempted—in other words, employés who had not passed the examination, and according to Governor FLOWER'S own emphatic statement ought to have been discharged, were, by a surreptitious transfer, taken out of harm's way and left in place. As such transfers could only be made with the Governor's knowledge and by his sanction, they were his own act. And a later inquiry showed that not only immediately before, but also after his vigorous declaration of January 3d, this stealthy "beating of the law" by the Governor has been going forward on a considerable scale. As we are informed, of the scores of illegally appointed employés, thirteen have been dismissed by the new Comptroller himself, who found them in his own office, and six others, and no more.

We have good reason to believe the information we have received to be entirely correct. We are enabled to give names and circumstances. From this information it appears that Governor FLOWER, while recognizing his duty to enforce the law, has been knowingly and systematically circumventing the law, and undermining the civil service system of this State. Whether he has any explanation to give we do not know; but we warn him that a mere vague pretence of having "served the public interest according to the best of his judgment" will not be sufficient. He himself has clearly defined his duty to see to it that "all employés who have not passed the examination be discharged," and that they be permitted to re-enter the service not by a back door, but only by open competition for reappointment wherever the law requires it. The Governor will have to show in what instances, aside from the removals made by the Comptroller, he has caused any illegally appointed persons to be dismissed. If he cannot show that he has consistently followed this rule recognized by himself, if he has to admit that he has saved illegally appointed persons by some underhand trick, and that in saving them he has dismantled the competitive system, he must not be surprised if it is the general judgment among decent people that he has deliberately violated his oath of office by thwarting the law he had sworn to enforce, and that he has done this not in an open, courageous fashion, but in a shuffling, furtive, cowardly, hypocritical way, utterly unbecoming a man of honor and self-respect.

THE ANTI-CLEVELAND COMBINATION.

THE vote in the Senate on Mr. PECKHAM'S nomination is worthy of examination. Mr. HILL made war upon the President's appointment because of his personal hostility to Mr. CLEVELAND. He received the support and votes of fifteen Democrats, who joined him because they too were moved by enmity against the President. The larger part of his strength came from the Republican Senators, who gave him twenty-four votes. There was no good reason why Republicans should take sides in this Democratic quarrel. The quarrel was itself disgraceful, because it concerned the distribution of patronage. It was unpatriotic, because, on the part of Mr. HILL, it was an assault upon the independence of the President and upon the dignity of the Supreme Court. Therefore it would seem to have been the part of a wise Republican politician to take advantage of the wrangle, for which Mr. HILL was mainly responsible, and to insist on the proper maintenance of the President's constitutional rights, and on the preservation of the Supreme Court from the shame of being a football for a patronage-monger. But the Republican Senators were not wise, and they joined Mr. HILL in treating a justiceship of the highest tribunal in the country as if it were no more entitled to respect than the humblest office over which the Senate's confirming power extends.

The participation of the Republican Senators in Mr. HILL'S ruffianly assault upon the President is rendered the more extraordinary by reason of the character of the nominee. Mr. HOAR and some of his partisan associates evidently realized that they must at least appear to have a reason, and therefore it was given out in the daily press that Mr. HOAR feared that Mr. PECKHAM would be a dangerous element on the bench because he was a believer in State's Rights, while other Republicans professed to fear that he would declare protective tariffs unconstitutional. So far as Mr. HOAR was concerned, his objection was not an early discovery; at least it was widely reported, and not denied by him or by any of his friends, that he favored Mr. PECKHAM, and would vote for confirmation. It was certainly expected that a Senator of his standing, a lawyer who has gained distinction at the bar, and who has that *esprit de corps* which is one of the finest traditions of the profession, would entertain too high a respect for the Supreme Court to use it in a game of paltry politics. And it is but just to Mr. HOAR to confess that he appeared to be ashamed of his act and of the reason that was given for it, for he went away from Washington, and was not present when the vote on the nomination was taken in the Judiciary Committee, and he sat silent when the nomination was under discussion in the Senate. This was well, for if he objected to Mr. PECKHAM'S State Rights views he might have been asked some awkward questions about his vote for Justice LAMAR, and subsequently he might not have been able to vote for the confirmation of Mr. WHITE, who, like Mr. LAMAR, was a secessionist, and whose chief claim to fame in the Senate was the State Rights speech that he delivered against the anti-option bill.

Why did these Republican Senators vote with Mr. HILL and his discontented following among the Democrats? If they did not take sides in the quarrel within the Democratic party from sympathy with one side or dislike of the other, if they could not vote against Mr. PECKHAM because he was unworthy of a place on the Supreme Bench, why did they put themselves on a level with this petty politician, this trader between the lines, this disgrace to the body of which chicanery and fraud have made him a member, and to the State which he does not represent? Why did they voluntarily share the odium which they knew would be visited upon HILL both by the country at large and by the honorable members of their own profession? Why did they not eagerly seize the opportunity to respond to the demands of patriotism, and show themselves to be superior to their political opponents?

There must have been some motive. Men of the standing of Senators HOAR, LODGE, HAWLEY, FRYE, and most of their party associates who acted with them, do not champion such a cause as HILL'S without a motive. They cannot say that they voted against Mr. PECKHAM to widen the breach in the Democratic party, for, besides being disgraceful, that reason would be weak and insufficient. If the country will watch these patriots, they will doubtless discover before the adjournment of the present session of Congress, possibly before the final vote is taken on the tariff bill, the price that Mr. HILL paid his allies.

This is an interesting episode in the current history of the Senate. For many months that body, which used to be regarded as the most dignified and influential legislative body in the world, has been chiefly busying itself with giving evidence of its fallen estate. It has eagerly taken every occasion to prove to the country that it is no longer a conservator of its institutions, but a danger and menace to them. Have Mr. HOAR, Mr. LODGE, Mr. HAWLEY, Mr. CHANDLER, Mr. FRYE, Mr. HILL, Mr. MURPHY, Mr. GORMAN, Mr. PUGH, and the rest of the anti-PECKHAM combination, entered into a general and disreputable trade, having used the Supreme Court as a basis for their bargaining? Who would be surprised, for example, if it should turn out that the bargain included several items in the tariff bill of interest to the States of the Senators of the band, and that it was agreed that the French-Canadian vote of Massachusetts should be transferred from the Democrats to the Republicans among other things by the rejection of the French Canadian who was appointed to a small consulate in the Province of Quebec? Is there an intelligent man in the country who has watched the recent progress of events who will say that Mr. HOAR would not hamper the Supreme Court and delay its suitors, and would not endorse Maynardism, for the sake of obtaining a few hundred French-Canadian votes in Massachusetts, or higher rates of duty on certain New England manufactures? Does any one who knows Mr. HILL doubt that he would betray his party to gratify his spite against Mr. CLEVELAND?

To such depths has the Senate sunk that these suspicions are actually entertained. It will be useful as well as interesting to note the acts and votes of the members of the anti-CLEVELAND combination for the rest of the session.

THE SUGAR DUTY AGAIN.

THE practical choice which seems to be presented in the revenue provisions of the tariff act is between the income tax and a sugar duty. It is true that there is the alternative of increasing the revenue from whiskey and beer. But it is more than doubtful whether the tax on whiskey can be raised, with any advantage to the revenue, above the rate of one dollar a gallon fixed in the House bill. The tax on beer could be increased more easily, and would yield a sensible addition to the revenue, with little effect on the consumers, and none on the well-being of the community. But, even if the tax on beer is increased, as we think it ought to be, some further and certain source of revenue should be provided if the Federal Treasury is to be in an easy and prosperous condition. At all events, the question specifically presented is as to the relative merits of the sugar duty and the income tax.

The income tax in practice is likely to be demoralizing.

It will harm the community much more by inducing fraud, lying, and political demoralization than it will benefit it through a fair readjustment of the burden of taxes. The dishonest will lie; the honest will suffer the penalty for righteousness; the collector will alternately forget some persons and use arbitrary powers in squeezing others; the millionaires who have political influence under our vicious spoils system will escape; and plain honest people of moderate means will be unfairly burdened.

On the other hand, a sugar duty brings a certain, simple, easily collected revenue. If it taxes the poor as well as the rich, it must be remembered that under our system of government every citizen is expected to bear his part of the public burdens. No one welcomes the tax, or wishes the poor to pay more in proportion to their means than the rich. But let us also frankly say that in a democratic country every citizen, however poor, should bear his share of taxation. Whether he pays more than his share under our complicated system of local, State, and Federal taxes it is exceedingly difficult to say. At all events it is clear that, so far as the tariff is concerned, the far-reaching effects of duties like those on iron ore, and crude iron, and wool, and lumber, which are at the foundation of great industrial processes, are more harmful to all of us, poor and rich alike, than simple revenue duties on articles like tea and coffee and sugar. We have definitively accepted the policy of admitting tea and coffee free of duty, standing in that respect alone among civilized nations. We need not hurry to make sugar free also, until the condition of the revenue makes that a step easily warranted.

The sugar trust need not be considered one way nor the other in the matter of imposing a duty. If the same duty is imposed on crude as on refined sugar, the sugar trust is in precisely the same situation as if all sugar, raw and refined, were admitted free. No discriminating duty in favor of the trust ought to be imposed, and we feel confident that none will be imposed. So far as the Louisiana sugar-planters are concerned, producing as they do about one-tenth of the total consumption of sugar, we think they are fairly entitled to some time for the adaptation of their industry to new conditions. Free sugar at once, and without any bounty, means a severe trial for them. A moderate duty for three or five years would yield a certain revenue, would ease the transition from the old tariff system to the new, and would work no social injury outweighing the immediate and certain practical advantages.

STATE AID FOR GOOD ROADS.

John A. C. Wright, secretary of the New York State League for Good Roads, recently addressed a letter to Governor Flower, in which he advocated forcibly and intelligently the policy of State aid in the construction of highways. His proposition is that the State shall appropriate one-third or one-half of the amount required to build two transverse roads through each county, substantially upon the plan suggested by Governor Hill several years ago, provided that the remaining two-thirds or one-half shall be raised by the counties respectively availing themselves of such appropriation. Governor Flower, in replying, expressed himself as not having lost faith in the county-road system, and hoped much from persistent local agitation, being especially impressed with the advantages to be derived from the change in the term of county supervisors from one to two years.

The good faith of the Governor and his cordial sympathy with the cause of good roads cannot be questioned. They have been amply revealed in messages, speeches, and acts; and it is to be assumed that he will co-operate in any practicable scheme for the improvement of the roads of New York that the Legislature may adopt. But it is to be feared that his view of results to be obtained from the extended tenure of the supervisors is an optimistic one. The longer term will affect neither the disposition nor the environment of these officials. In their esteem, the assurance of their re-election will still depend upon their ability to curtail public expenditure; and their constituencies, as yet unenlightened, will, at the behest of a false economy, cling to the custom of scratching the surface, instead of building firm and durable roads. It is as true as it is deplorable that the main opposition to improved highways proceeds from those who would receive the largest benefit from them. Farmers as a class minify the value of such highways, and magnify their cost; and the estimate in both regards is likely to obtain until the rural districts are better informed than they now seem to be as to the conditions of their own prosperity, and especially until the option of either working out the road tax or paying it in money is annulled. The inefficiency and improvidence of the labor tax as distinguished from the money tax are, and long have been, apparent; but, superficially considered, it appears to afford relief from a burden which must otherwise be borne, and therefore it remains, with the mischief it entails upon the community, and as a serious obstacle in the way of reform in road-making.

From various other causes not necessary to specify, practical reform through county agencies proceeds slowly. Only five of the counties of New York have taken even initial action under the county optional law of last year, but one has adopted it, and in at least three it has been voted down by large majorities. Amendments to it, which its friends believe will make it more acceptable to the people, will be presented to the Legislature by the commissioners of statutory revision; but it is more than doubtful whether a county law, either of a permissive or mandatory character, will meet with general favor.

The case is one where State interference seems not only to be justified, but demanded. Good roads are to commend themselves through experience of their utility, and they cannot thus commend themselves until they are constructed and tried. If counties will not build them unaided by the State, then the State should tender such aid. Local measures at the best will come tardily and grudgingly. The State, which is to-day free from debt, can afford to lend its credit to road-improvement—to unite with localities in caring for their interests, which are also its interests. Good roads are not of local significance merely. They connect centres of population with each other. They stimulate production by the carrying facilities they present. They enhance the value of the lands through which they pass, and thus add to the aggregate wealth of the State. In the truest sense they promote progress and further civilization. They should be matters of State pride, as they are matters of State concern. The bounty to the counties which Mr. Wright's proposition embraces will induce them to engage in enterprises which it is to be apprehended they would otherwise ignore or indefinitely postpone. It is at once an incitement to laudable emulation and a reward for well-doing. It is worthy of the State which is foremost in wealth, in commerce, and in letters. It would also at this time, when the great army of the unemployed is imploring work, be a beneficence of no mean proportions.

State aid to localities for any purpose is of course open to grave objections. It should be seldom vouchsafed, and never except in exigent cases; but, after years of agitation, good roads in New York have slim prospects save as the State assists them. Massachusetts has found that State aid and supervision are the only feasible methods. New York will find the same, unless present signs are defective. Certainly if time be a factor in the problem—if good roads are soon to be begun—State aid must be given. While the press has been almost a unit in their behalf, the highest economic authorities have approved them, and the splendid highways of the Old World have been constant object-lessons to the New, comparatively little has here been accomplished. There has been much agitation, with small results. The argument is concluded. Action should ensue; and under the circumstances—the need of prompt, comprehensive, and intelligent action—the proposition for State aid as outlined by Mr. Wright is entitled to consideration.

AN OVERLOOKED SOURCE OF REVENUE.

Why should not the State or the municipality make something out of being governed? Something, and commonly something handsome, is made by somebody. Why should not this go to the State or city treasury? This is purely a business matter, and not at all political, and it is so regarded by those who rule us. Let us look at this in a common-sense way. It is true the majority of people are busy attending to their own affairs, and it may seem to them kind in the unemployed (and there is a very tender feeling in these days for the unemployed) to take upon themselves the management of the corporation interests. There are men so public-spirited that they are willing to do this without visible compensation. But that their self-sacrifice and devotion to the public interest are somehow rewarded there is much evidence. The unemployed get rich, while the employed have a struggle to maintain themselves. It seems to be demonstrated that the task of governing us is profitable to those who voluntarily undertake it.

Now this is purely a matter of business. In relation to a city like New York it can be discussed without reference to philanthropy or to politics. The office of governing is somehow a source of revenue. Why should not the city have some of it, instead of letting it all go to private individuals? All is outgo for the corporation. It furnishes the money for its necessary care, and it gets no commission on its expenditure. If we can discover the underlying principle here, we may apply it to the profit of the city. In the New England towns the maintenance of the paupers used to be let out to the lowest bidder. This was economical for the town, but hard on the poor. And it was not worthy of prosperous and humane communities. There was a moral flaw in the transaction, and well we may have suspected the lowest bidder of greediness. Now in respect to the total management of our civic affairs, we have pushed this lowest-bidder business to an absurd extreme. We have got into the habit of intrusting them to a man, or an organization, in the form of a circle, which has its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere, and neither man nor organization pays anything for the privilege. Yet the privilege must have a money value, for the men who enjoy it get rich out of it. We may even go a step further and say that this office of governing is so profitable that men are willing to pay money for it, and they have been known to buy the salaried offices. But to whom does the money that they pay go? Not to the city, which ought to have it.

The remedy for this state of things may seem radical, but it is deduced logically from the situation. Let the city put up its offices, the entire management of its affairs, to the highest bidder, which may be one man or a syndicate. This plan would have two advantages. It would give a considerable revenue, and the citizens would know who governed them, and who was responsible. By the present method of elections the money paid for the offices does not go to the city, and the city does not know, officially, who its rulers are. "Governing" is a valuable commodity, and if anybody makes anything out of it, it should be those who have the right of it, and have it for sale. The plan of putting it up at public auction is above-board and businesslike. It is not exactly public-spirited, but it suits this commercial age.

Of course if the citizens of New York who have the intelligence and the power would govern themselves—; but this is a more antiquated suggestion than the other.

AS TO AFTER-DINNER TALK.

It is complained by some of the Washington correspondents that Justices Brewer and Brown use a degree of levity in their occasional after-dinner remarks that is prejudicial to the solemnity traditionally proper to persons in their position. The jokes of the new justices seem to these correspondents inadequately ponderous, and their puns not learned enough, and the correspondents grieve with sorrowful sympathy for the chagrin with which they believe the older members of the court must regard the gayety of these juniors.

But really, to look at, the Supreme Court is not such a desperately solemn body. As they sit on their bench the justices seem comparatively chipper. To see them exchange smiles and chuckles and irrelevant confidences with one another while a learned lawyer is discoursing argument to them at a cost (to some one) of several dimes per word, is an edifying illustration of the superiority of man over language.

Still, it is reasonably doubtful whether they should permit themselves to make after-dinner speeches, since there seem to be reasonable grounds for the belief that the after-dinner speech, unqualified by a special purpose, is, for sober-minded and responsible citizens, little better than a trap. Indeed, there be those who hold that as an institution it is a fetich to which our sacrifices are altogether out of proportion to the returns. For a dinner with a special purpose some premeditated after-dinner talk is doubtless excusable. If we dine in the interests of politics, it is a legitimate part of the plan that some one should talk politics to us, and that we should sit under it. If we dine for charity, some one has a right to talk charity; and so analogously if we dine in the interests of education or trade. But if we merely dine for fun, why should we sit under any one? It would seem to be a needless disparagement of the inward working of any company of gentlemen that after they have eaten their food it should be necessary to have persons especially deputized to think their thoughts for them. Why do they eat? Why do they drink? Is it merely to fatten them? Is it not that pleasant emotions shall be stirred inside of them, and that their individual tongues shall wag and their souls flow? But whose tongue can wag while Jones or Robinson is standing on his legs making oratory for the company, or whose soul can flow while Smith's psychological expansion is taking up all the space?

It is admitted that when there is really something to be said after dinner it is excusable to say it, but there is no lack of evidence that stated oratory, merely and exclusively for the promotion of digestion, is perilous alike to the gentlemen who undertake it, and to the object which it is intended to effect. For, as to the speakers, not every ordinary after-dinner talker understands that his function is to say nothing, but merely to talk. Some say something because they know no better; some because they have not the gift of utterance without communication; some from malice prepense because the devil prompts them; and some because they are carried away by the allurements of the opportunity. There is a story about a man in Philadelphia, a physician, who got up at a friendly dinner to talk digestively about nothing at all, when unexpectedly, not being enough on his guard, he let slip an idea. Once it was loose, he could not break away from it. It took possession of him. In a minute or two he was standing on his chair. In a couple of minutes more he was standing on the table, with all the after-dinner sleepers wakened up, and all the company silenced and fixed upon him with their eyes. He made a great speech, the memory of which still survives, but as an after-dinner speech it was a failure, for it stopped digestion plumb short in over forty Philadelphia stomachs, and a dozen worthy gentlemen went to bed that night with dyspepsia.

And besides the risk of saying something, there is always the hazard of saying the wrong kind of nothing. That is a peril to which serious-minded men are particularly exposed, and is precisely the one to which Justices Brewer and Brown seem to have fallen victims. Justice Brewer, it seems, went to a Yale dinner somewhere during the Christmas holidays, and appreciating the propriety of suiting his discourse to his auditors, he said things, the precise nature of which has escaped us, but the condemnation of which has greatly abounded in the newspapers ever since. So with Justice Brown, who is charged with sacrificing to his after-dinner necessities the sacred dignity of the very bench on which he sits, and with making allusions to his brother judges fraught with reprehensible gayety. It is not really the fault of these worthy and learned men that they have got into such a scrape. The blame belongs to an undiscriminating institution which exacts intellectual skirt-dancing from elephantine intelligences.

For all the sorrowful hours which the contemporary American has spent or may live to spend sitting under after-dinner orators who know not what to say nor when to stop, he has himself to blame. The Constitution guarantees him a fair chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But—

> "who would be free,
> Themselves must strike the blow."

If he insists upon thrusting his neck under the yoke, he must drag the load. If he insists upon toughening the natural tenderness of the budding orator till it is callous to his squirming, he must sit under him to the bitter end. If he begins by sitting courteously under the considerate Smith, if he sits submissively under the judicious Jones, if he sits cheerfully and with manifest approbation under the witty Robinson, he has forged his own gyves, and in due time, victim of an artificial duty, must sit and sit, without remonstrance or revolt, under the inexorable Jenkins, who never has anything to say, nor knows when to sit down. Slavery was not only bad for the slave, but demoralizing for the slave-holder. It is so in some degree with after-dinner speaking. It is a serious responsibility that each of us takes when he sits consentingly under an after-dinner speaker, since we not only weaken our own powers of resistance, but we help on the abnormal toughening of his. Our safety and his lie in the strength of our resolution to nip him in the bud. We should sit *on* him, not under him. We must crush him while he is still young and tender, that in his age his prolixity may not overwhelm us, nor his ill-advised levity bring reproaches upon himself.

HENRY IRVING, ACTOR.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Becket. There was a little fair-hair'd Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house; if Rosamond is
The world's rose, as her name imports her—she
Was the world's lily.
John of Salisbury. Ay, and what of her?
Becket. She died of leprosy.
John of Salisbury. I know not why
You call these old things back again, my lord.
Becket. The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies.

I HAVE reason to believe that the fine scene in which this fine passage occurs had a specially stimulating effect on the imagination of Mr. Henry Irving when he set himself to and carried out the task of representing Tennyson's *Becket* on the Lyceum stage. It had been said, and has again been said by many, that *Becket* was essentially undramatic, that its knowledge and genius were fit for reading, but not for acting. It was, however, Mr. Irving's privilege, as it was his desire, to convince admirers of the poet and admirers of the actor that the foregone conclusion was unfounded. The quality of poetry is not strained any more than that of mercy, but it is equally rare. Without that quality none of the work that has been done for the elevation of the drama on Mr. Irving's stage could have been so well done; without it *Becket* could certainly never have been produced as it has been in the shape of a noble acting play. And here not only has the actor and manager shown the dramatic instinct, which in the poet was sometimes obscured by the want of training for stage purposes, but also he has caught from the poet a new inspiration, a new advance towards that perfection of art to which he ever strives.

It is an old story, as old and as deep as Garrick, that the great ones of the stage have certain mannerisms. This is, indeed, of the essence of fine acting, since an individual power over a multitude is needed to impress audiences, as Garrick, despite his extreme oddities of pronunciation, impressed almost all who heard him.

The actor who, like Mr. Irving, has run the gamut of stage resource in so-called character parts—in lovers, in villains, in tragedy, in comedy, even in farce—and who has done all this with triumph, must have in him a mine of imagination, which may at a given moment be fired if the right match be applied; and this, I think, has been the case in the production of *Becket* at the Lyceum. It is seen plainly in the fact that Mr. Irving's presentment of the soldier saint and martyr has no touch of that restlessness, whether in voice or gesture, with which he has sometimes been reproached. The figure of Becket is still and sublime, as still as that of Shylock in the trial scene, or of Mephistopheles on the Brocken, but with a different stillness—that of self-sacrifice and sanctity. And, to go back to the scene which has formed the text of this discourse, I think that only one word, a much misused one—inspiration—can be used to indicate the feeling which possesses the poet and the actor, and is by the actor transmitted to those who see and hear the transformation into dramatic life of what even a loving student might judge on the first reading to be an undramatic play. But it is not only for itself that Becket seems to have given new inspiration to an inspired actor; a fresh influence is observable in his work on the revivals of those plays which Miss Terry, he himself, and the fine company which support them have endeared to the public. Take, for instance, the *Merchant of Venice.* Here, in Mr. Irving's Shylock, the light and shade are more delicately marked than before, with even more power. The contrast between the Jew's fury at Jessica's elopement and the relentless unmoved hatred of the trial scene is more exquisitely marked than before, even as the effect of his approach to his deserted house when the careless maskers have left the scene is yet more impressive. I have just spoken of revivals, and in this matter the word has its literal meaning; a new impulse, a new mastery, seems to have compelled the Lyceum stage.

If another instance were needed, it is at hand in *The Lyons Mail.* The whole play goes quicker and closer, the doubled parts of Lesurques and Dubose are both of them given with a deeper insight, than was before apparent. Lesurque's amiability is more natural; Dubose's brutality is at once more appalling and less hideous. And in management new attention has been bestowed on well-known scenes. Thus, while the stage waits for Dubose's burglarious entrance with Fonivard, three clocks strike the hour *in canon,* to use a technical phrase of music. The consecutive, differently toned sounds fall on the ear with a strange foreboding of terror.

These bring the obvious results; the question naturally arises, what led to them? And to that the answer is equally obvious—gifts and work—work as uncompromising as the gifts are great. Mr. Percy Fitz-Gerald's interesting book, *Twenty Years at the Lyceum,* gives with excellent discretion and taste an account of Mr. Irving's early career up to the production of *The Bells,* in which he first impressed his strange and striking personality upon the play-going public.

And here I may allow myself to recall my own first personal interview with Mr. Irving. I came out of the Lyceum, then under Bateman's management, from seeing Mr. Irving's Jingle in *Pickwick.* I had been asked by a very distinguished man of letters to meet Mr. Irving at supper at a restaurant close to the theatre. I had seen him only in comparatively unimportant parts up to that date, but had been moved by the curious magnetism which has so large a part in his success, both as director and as actor. This was very apparent in the conversation which took place between our host, Mr. Irving, and myself. The actor had come in only for half an hour or so, having to go back to the theatre to rehearse *The Bells.* He said, in answer to a question: "I have been waiting long for a chance. I believe I have got it now." Then he gave a brilliant sketch of *The Bells.*

Although our host and myself knew the play backwards in the French, we were astonished at the possibilities of the chief character revealed in the actor's eager and sympathetic narration, which was, as it were, a foretaste of the power which he soon afterwards displayed, and with which he almost immediately caught the heart and brain of all good play-goers. The phrase just used is very characteristic, because it is always to reflection as well as to feeling that Mr. Irving as an actor appeals, so that even in a part where for the moment his attack seems to

HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

fall short, the spectator, on after-consideration, finds that any disappointment in emotion is amply atoned by the subtle intellect devoted to the character.

The finest actors cannot but sometimes have, to quote a French phrase, emotions which do not cross the foot-lights. It is all the more a great matter when the intention of these emotions is sure of discovery by after-reflections. And it is just the foresight of this after-reflection which, among other gifts and accomplishments, distinguishes Mr. Irving. It is evident in his acting; it is evident in his direction. This one may note especially when admitted to a rehearsal.

The thought and sequence of each scene are considered to the utmost point, and so well considered that the manager, seeing himself as the actor, knows exactly not only what that actor ought to do, but also what he will do. And so we have an actor managed by himself, and so we go back to Garrick. Whether Garrick was as great a tragic actor as a comic one is an open question, and one which need not be here discussed.

Garrick, however, was the actor and manager of his time, as Mr. Irving is of the present. But Garrick was vain before everything. Mr. Irving is not. In fact, no great actor has ever been more modest as to his own accomplishments. And it is largely this that makes him so beloved by all the constituents in every rank of the theatre which he directs. There is a right way and a wrong way of instruction in theatres, as there is in schools; and Mr. Irving's is the right way. He teaches with kindness, which is born of hard experience, perfectly wedded into the completion of decision and gentleness. As to his qualities as a manager, I remember one interview which I had with him on the Lyceum stage after the curtain had fallen. He put into my hand a very long paper roll, with the signature appended, and said to me, "What kind of thing do you take to be this?"

I replied, after a glance at the strange document,

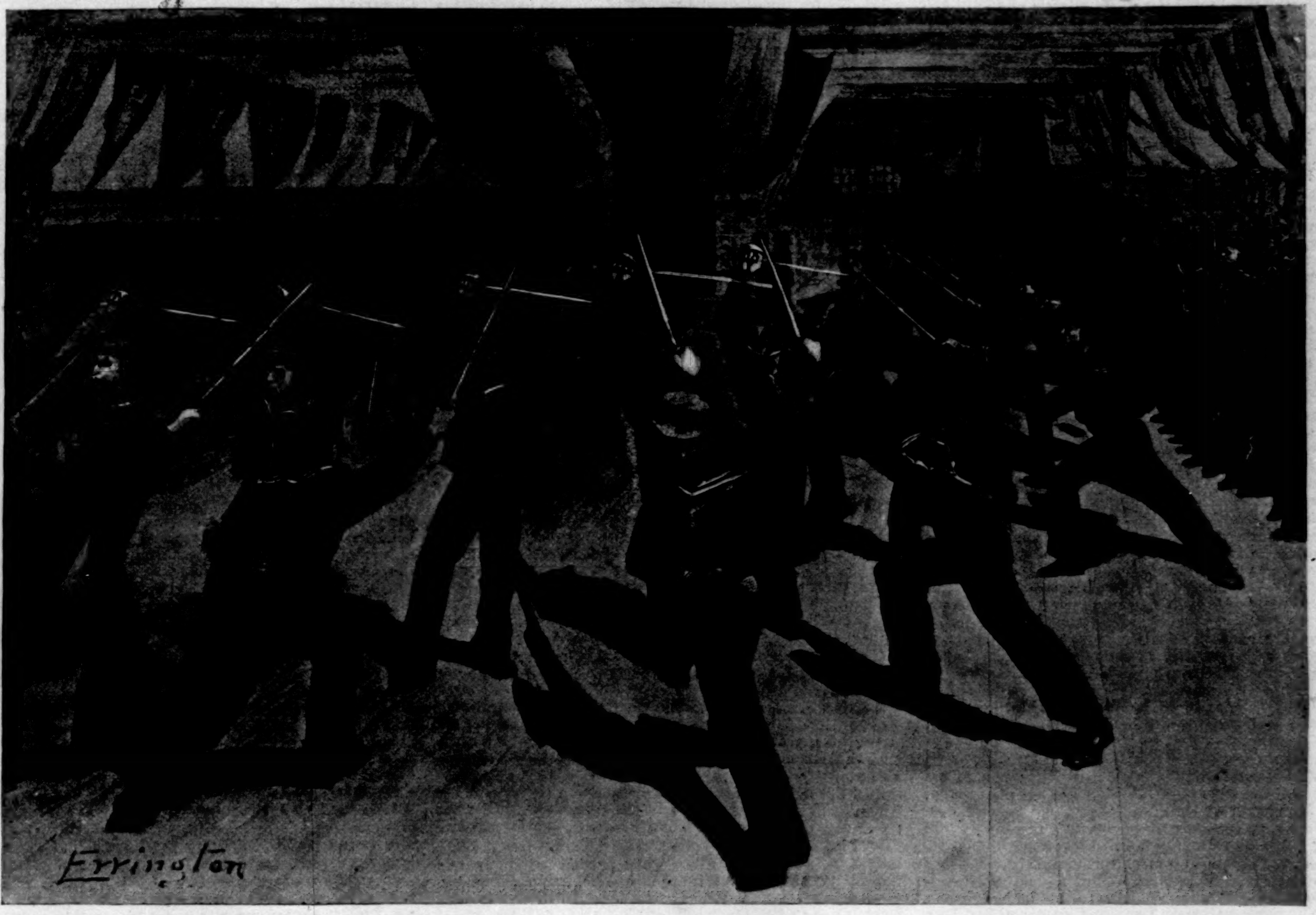
"It looks like an address to royalty."

"Ah," Mr. Irving replied, with his perfect smile, "it is a copy of the string-plot of *Faust*, sent to me by a very famous stage-carpenter in the provinces. What you naturally take for a loyal invocation at the end is really a protest in these words: 'Heaven help poor So-and-so!'"

This, of course, is quoted merely to illustrate the minute and intense care which, under Mr. Irving's management, is given to everything which takes place on the Lyceum stage, and one must hope that Heaven did help that stage-carpenter.

But this attention to details is apparent in every play, every score, every episode, which Mr. Irving controls. As director of the first theatre in England, so in private life, he has the keen sense of artistry, both for himself and for others.

I remember well that when I was first honored with an invitation to give a lecture at an institution where one has to lecture well, I went to him for advice as to elocution for the lecture as distinguished from elocution for the stage. In twenty minutes he taught me the lessons which another great master, Ernest Legouvé, has taught admirably enough in many pages. It was "an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine." It was, in fact, the teaching of him who can play Hamlet as in our time that complex part has never been played by any other actor.



WITH THE NAVAL MILITIA—CUTLASS DRILL ON THE "NEW HAMPSHIRE."—Drawn by George Errington.—[See Page 234.]

THE "CHILIMAN" TRAGEDY.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" "Jack's Courtship," "A Sea Queen," etc.

IN the year 1863 I sailed as ship's doctor aboard the *Chiliman* in the third voyage that fine Blackwall liner made to Melbourne. I had obtained the berth through the influence of a relative. My own practice was a snug little concern in a town some fifty miles from London; but a change was needed, a change for my health—such a change as nothing but the oceans of the world, with their several climates and hundred winds, could provide, and so I resolved to go a voyage round the world on the easy terms of feeling pulses and administering draughts, with nothing to pay and nothing to receive, a seat at the cabin table, and a berth fitted with shelves and charged with a very powerful smell of chemist's shop down aft in what is called the steerage.

I joined the ship at the East India Docks, and went below to inspect my quarters. I found them gloomy and small; but any rat-hole was reckoned good enough in those days for a ship's doctor—a person who, though of the first importance to the well-being of a ship, is, as a rule, treated by most owners and skippers with the same sort of consideration that in former times a parson to a nobleman received, until he had obliged my lord by marrying his cast lady.

First let me briefly sketch this interior of saloon and steerage, since it is the theatre on which was enacted the extraordinary tragedy I am about to relate. The *Chiliman* had a long poop; under this was the saloon—in those days termed the cuddy; cabins very richly bulkheaded went away down aft on either hand. Amidships was the table, overhead the skylights, and the deck was pierced by the shaft of the mizzenmast, superbly decorated, with a piano-forte secured to the deck just abaft it. There were no ladies' saloons, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms, as in this age, though the ship was one of the handsomest of her class; if you sought retirement, you went to your cabin; if you desired a pipe, you stepped on deck; if you asked for a bath, you were directed to the head pump.

The *Chiliman's* cuddy was entered from the quarter-deck by doors close beside the two flights of steps which conducted to the poop. A large square of hatch yawned near the entrance inside, and you descended a staircase to the steerage where my berth was. The arrangement of this steerage somewhat resembled that of the cuddy; but the bulkheads and general furniture were in the last degree plain. I believe they charged about twenty-five pounds for a berth down here, and sixty or seventy guineas for a cabin up above.

Whilst I stood in my berth looking around me, a little bowlegged man in a camlet jacket and a large strawberry mark on his cheek peered in and asked if I was the doctor.

"Ay—Dr. Harris," said I.

"I'm the ship's steward, sir," said he. "That's where I sleep," and he pointed to a cabin opposite.

I was glad to make this man's acquaintance, and was very civil to him. I would advise all sea-going doctors on long-voyage sailing-ships to speedily make friends with the head steward. I remarked upon the gloominess of my quarters, and said I was afraid when it came to my making up draughts I might blunder for the want of light. He answered that the sailors never expected much more than strong doses of Glauber's salt, and that in his experience passengers, as a rule, managed very well without physic until they got ashore again.

I asked him if we were a full ship. He answered, pretty full. About half the steerage berths were taken, and the same number of cabins would be occupied in the saloon. The 'tween-decks were crowded, he told me.

After this chat I went on deck, where I made the acquaintance of the captain and the chief mate. The ship was still in the docks, and the captain had just come aboard, and was talking to the first officer when I walked up to them. The decks were full of life and the scene of excitement and interest. Groups of 'tween-decks people stood about; a number of drunken sailors were bawling and cutting capers on the forecastle; some saloon passengers who had joined the ship in the docks walked the poop; Blue Peter was streaming at our fore-royal mast-head under the gray sky of the Isle of Dogs; in all directions rose the masts of ships, a complicated forest, bewildering with the lace-work and tracery of rigging. Cargo was swinging in and out; pawls of capstan and winch were ticking like gigantic clocks to the thrust of the handspike and the revolution of the handle; the air was full of the smell of distant climes; I seemed to taste coffee and nutmeg and a pungent tickling of black pepper; but the perfume of the greasy wool-bale was dominant, and suggested nothing of the sweetness of the Arabian gale.

The captain went below; the mate fell a-shouting. I walked to the brass rail that ran across the break of the poop and gazed about me. The steerage passengers on the main-deck looked a shabbily dressed lot of poor distressed people—men, women, and children. I took notice that certain young fellows, apprentices or midshipmen, with brass buttons on their jackets and brass badges on their caps, warned them off the quarter-deck whenever they stepped abaft the mainmast. One of these young fellows came and stood beside me. He was a gentlemanly, fair-haired, handsome lad, now making, as he presently told me, his second voyage. I asked him why those poor people were ordered off the part of the deck that lay immediately beneath us. He said because it was the quarter-deck, to be used only by the second-class passengers.

"That dirty raffle," said he, looking with disgust at the third-class folks, "must keep to the waist and forecastle if they want air."

"And this fine deck of poop?" said I.

"Nobody uses this," he answered, "but the saloon nobs and the officers and midshipmen."

Shortly before eleven the vessel hauled out of dock. There was much noise of yelling and swearing at this time. My sight and hearing were confounded, and I wondered that any mortal being should understand the exact thing to do in such a scene of clamorous distraction. People on the pier-heads shrieked farewells to those on board, and those on

board sobbed and yelled in response. When we had floated over the cill, with the mud-pilot on the forecastle almost apoplectic with unavailing wrath at some insult fired at him out of a hurricane lung on the wharf, a tug got hold of us, a couple of seamen lurched aft to the wheel, the hawser tautened, and away we went down the river in the fizzing wake of a pair of churning paddles.

The varied scenery of the Thames—I mean its maritime details of crafts of twenty different rigs and steamers of twenty different aspects thrusting up and down, some staggering athwart, others making a bee-line through the reaches—charmed and interested me, who was fresh from a long spell of inland, almost rural life, and I lingered till I was driven below by the wet, which came sweeping along in a succession of drenching squalls as we rounded out of Galleon's into Barking Reach. I spent the remainder of the day in putting my cabin to rights, examining the drugs (some of which for antiquity methought might have gone round the world with Cook in his first voyage), and in providing for my own comfort as best I could, and at half past six went into the cuddy to join the people at dinner, by which hour the ship had arrived at a mooring-buoy off Gravesend, and was lying motionless on her own shadow in the stream.

It was a sullen evening, already dark, and dirty blowing wet weather on deck. The muffled howling and hissing of the wind in the three towering spires of mast and yard and rigging communicated, I've no doubt, the particular brilliance and beauty I found in the appearance of the well-lighted cuddy, with its long table draped for dinner, sparkling with glass and plate, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, along with the captain and chief officer, issuing from their respective berths to take their seats. Thirteen of us sat down, and when this was remarked by an elderly lady next the captain, a midshipman was sent for to neutralize the sinister influence of that number by making a fourteenth. The lad took his place with a countenance of happy astonishment. He heartily wished, I dare say, that thirteen people would sit down to dinner every day.

I understood that there were some eight or ten more passengers expected from Gravesend in the morning. I looked about me to see what sort of persons I was to be associated with on an ocean passage that might run into four months. No need in this brief record of a tragic event to enter into minute descriptions of the people; enough if I refer now to two persons who sat opposite me, both of whom were to prove leading actors in what I have to tell.

One of them was a man of about six-and-thirty years of age. He wore a heavy mustache, slightly streaked with gray. His eyes were dark, keen, and steadfast in their gaze—steadfast indeed to rudeness, for his manner of looking at you was scarcely less than a deliberate scrutinizing stare. His hair was thin on top, bushy at the sides; his complexion dark, as of one who has lived long under the sun. His voice was subdued, his whole bearing gentlemanlike.

His companion was a lady—a dark, very handsome woman of three or four and twenty. Her hair was black, without gloss—a soft, dark, rich black, and I never before saw a woman with so wonderful a thickness of hair as that girl had. Her large, fine, dark eyes had a tropic sparkle; there was foreign blood in the glances which flashed through the long lashes. Her complexion was a delicate olive, made tender by a soft lasting bloom which rested like a lingering blush upon her cheeks. Her figure looked faultless, and doubtless was so. I put the man down as a happy fellow carrying a beautiful bride away with him to the antipodes. You could not have doubted that they were newly married; his behavior was all fondness; hers that of the impassioned young wife who finds difficulty in concealing her adoration in public.

I have thus sketched them, but I own that I was not more particularly interested in the couple than in others of the people who sat on either hand. The chief mate of the ship, however, Mr. Small, who occupied a seat on my left, concluded that my interest was sufficiently keen to justify him in talking to me about them; and in a low voice he told me that they were Captain and Mrs. Norton-Savage; he didn't quite know what he was captain of, but he had gathered—from some source he couldn't recollect—that he had made a fortune in South America, in Lima or Callao, and had been married a few weeks only, and was going to live in Australia as his wife's health was not good, and the doctors believed the Australian climate would suit her.

Early next morning the rest of the passengers came on board, the tug again took us in tow, and under a dark blue sky, mountainous with masses of white cloud, the *Chiliman* floated in tow of the tug into Channel waters, where a long flowing heave despatched a great number of us to our cabins.

We met with nothing but head-winds and chopping seas down Channel. The ship lurched and sprang consumedly, and the straining noises of bulkheads and strong fastenings were so swift and furious in that part of the vessel where I slept that I would sometimes think the fabric was going to pieces at my end of her. I was very seasick, but happily my services were never required in that time.

I think we were five days in beating clear of the Channel; the weather then changed, the sky brightened into a clear azure delicately shaded by clouds, a soft wind blew out of the west, and when I made my first appearance on deck I found the ship clothed in swelling canvas from truck to waterway. The sand-white decks were lively with people in motion and the swaying shadows of the rigging; a number of ladies and gentlemen walked the poop, and the captain with a telescope at his eye was looking at a small steamer that was passing us at about a mile with a color flying; Captain and Mrs. Norton-Savage stood beside him, also looking at the steamer; the foam spun along the ship's side in wool-white wreaths, and every bubble shone like a bit of rainbow, and the streak of the vessel's wake gleamed upon the flowing lines of the ocean astern as though she trailed a length of mother-of-pearl.

All sights and sounds were beautiful and refreshing. I breathed deep, with exquisite enjoyment of the ocean air after my spell of confinement in my apothecary shop of a cabin, and with growing admiration of the spectacle of the noble ship, slightly heeling from the breeze and courtesying stately as she went, till you'd think she kept time to some solemn music rising up round about her from the deep, and audible to her only, such a hearkening look she took from the yearning lift of her jibs and stay-sails.

Presently the captain observed me, called me to him, and we stood in conversation for some twenty minutes. I begged his leave to take a look round the ship, and he ordered a midshipman to accompany me. I peeped into the galley or ship's kitchen, then into the forecastle, a gloomy cave dully lighted by a lamp whose vapor was poisonous with the slush that fed it, and complicated to the landlubber's eye by the glimmering outlines of hammocks, and the dark, coffinlike shapes of bunks and seamen's chests. I then descended into the 'tweendecks by way of the main-hatch, and took a view of the accommodation there, and found the cabins formed of planks roughly shaped into bulkheads, with partitions which made mere pigeon-holes of the places. In truth, the poor third-class folk were always badly treated in those days at sea. They were ill housed; they were half starved; they were elbowed, sworn at, and generally tyrannized over by all hands, from the captain to the cook's mate; and in heavy weather, when the hatches were battened down, they were almost suffocated. Yet they were better off than the sailors, who were not only equally half starved, half suffocated, and sworn at, but were forced to do the treadmill work of the ship also.

I regained the deck, glad to get out of this gloomy region of crying babies and quarrelling children, and grimy groups in corners shuffling greasy cards, and women with shawls over their heads mixing flour and water for a pudding, or conversing shrilly in provincial accents, some looking very white indeed, and all as though it was quite time they changed their country.

As I went along the quarter-deck on my way to the cuddy, I saw a young man standing in the recess formed by the projection of the foremost cuddy cabins and the overhanging ledge or break of the poop. I looked at him with attention; he was a particularly handsome young fellow, chiefly remarkable for the contrast between the lifeless pallor of his face and the vitality of his large bright dark eyes. His hair was cropped close in military fashion; he wore a cloth cap with a naval peak. His dress was a loose monkey-jacket and blue cloth trousers cut in the flowing nautical style. On the beach of Southsea or the sands of Ramsgate he might have passed for a yachtsman; on the high seas, and on the deck of a full-rigged ship, with plenty of hairy sailors about to compare him with, nothing mortal could have looked less nautical.

I paused when in the cuddy to glance at him again through the window. He leaned in the corner of the recess, with his arms clasped upon his breast, and his fine and speaking eyes fixed upon the blue line of the horizon that was visible above the lee bulwark-rail. My gaze had lighted upon many faces whilst I looked over the ship, but on none had it lingered. It lingered now, and I wondered who the youth was. His age might have been twenty. Handsome he was, as I have said, but his expression was hard, almost fierce, and certainly repellent. Whilst I watched him, his lips twitched or writhed three or four times, and exposed a grin of flashing white teeth that was anything but mirthful, I can assure you. His clothes were good, his appearance refined, and I concluded that he was one of the cuddy passengers who had come on board at Gravesend. He turned his face and saw me looking, and instantly made a step which carried him out of sight past the cabin projection.

The steward came up out of the steerage at that moment, and wishing to know who was who in the ship, I asked him to peep through the door and tell me who the melancholy pale-faced young gentleman in the nautical clothes was. He popped his head out, and then said:

"He's a young gent named John Burgess, one of the steerage people. He occupies the foremost cabin to starboard, beside the foot of them steps," said he, pointing to the hatch.

"Is he alone in the ship?" said I.

"All alone, sir."

"Where do those steerage people take their meals?"

"Why, in the steerage, at the table that stops short abreast of your cabin."

Nothing in any way memorable happened for a considerable time. The ship drove through the Atlantic, impelled by strong beam and quartering winds, which sometimes blew with the weight of half a gale and veiled her forecastle with glittering lifts of foam, and heeled her till her lee channels ripped through the seas in flashings fierce as the white water which leaps from the strokes of the thrasher's flails. The passengers had settled down to the routine of shipboard life. They played the piano; they sang; they hove the deck quoit; they formed themselves into whist parties. Both Captain Norton-Savage and his wife promised to become exceedingly popular with all the people who lived aft. The lady sang sweetly; she sang Spanish, English, and French songs. It was understood that she was a South American of pure Spanish blood on one side. Captain Norton-Savage told a good story. He smoked excellent cigars, and was liberal with them. He came to me one day and talked about his wife, told me there was consumption in her family, and asked what I thought of a sea-voyage for her, and of the climate of Australia. I could find nothing to object to in the man except his stare. There was something defiant in his manner of looking at you; his speech was significant with it, even when nothing more was meant than met the ear. I was misled at first, and sometimes troubled myself to look under his words for his mind. Then I found out that it was his quelling stare which was responsible for what his language seemed to carry, and so, with the rest of us, took him as he offered himself.

And still, I never felt quite easy with him, though no man laughed louder at his humorous stories.

I was going one morning from my berth to the cuddy, when at the foot of the steps which conducted to the hatch I met the young man called John Burgess. I had seen nothing of him for days. He came out of his cabin holding his cap; plenty of light flowed through the hatch; he was very pale, and I thought seemed ill, and his eyes had a wild look. He was handsome, as I have said, at least to my way of thinking; but there was an evil spirit in the delicate structure and lineaments of his face. I said good-morning. He answered, "Good-morning," in a low voice, but with a manner of impatience, as though he wished me to pass on or get out of his road.

"Are you going to Australia for your health?" said I, for the sake of saying something.

"No," he answered.

"Are you English?"

"Pray who are you?" he exclaimed, with a foreign accent.

"I am Dr. Harris," I answered, smiling.

He looked uneasy on my pronouncing the word *doctor*, stepped back, and grasped the handle of his cabin door, yet paused to say, "Are you a passenger, sir?"

"I am the ship's doctor."

Without another word he entered his cabin and shut the door upon himself.

His behavior was so odd, abrupt, discourteous, that I suspected his brain at fault. Indeed, I made up my mind, in the interests of the passengers, and for the security of the ship, to keep my eye on him; that is, by accosting him from time to time, and by watching him without seeming to watch whenever we should happen to be on deck together. And yet I was not altogether satisfied by my suspicion of his not being right-headed, either; I found my puzzlement going another way, but in a direction that I could by no means make clear to myself.

However, not to refine upon this matter, I think it was next day that, happening to come along from the forecastle, where I had been visiting a sick sailor, I spied the young fellow standing before the mainmast in a sort of peeping posture; his eyes were directed aft; he was watching the people walking on the poop. I stopped to look at him, struck by his attitude. The great body of the mast effectually concealed him from all observers aft. He turned his head and saw me; his face was ghastly white, the expression wonderful for the tragic wrath of it. On meeting my eyes he colored up—I never could have credited so swift a transformation of hue: his blush was deep and dark, and his eyes shone like fire. He scowled angrily, stepped round the mast, and disappeared through the cuddy door.

After this I saw no more of him for a week. I questioned the steward, who told me the youth was keeping his cabin.

"What's his name again?" said I.

"John Burgess, sir."

"That's an English name, but he's not an Englishman," said I.

"We don't trouble ourselves about names on board ship, sir," he answered. "There be pursers' names aft as well as forrard."

"Does he ever talk to you?"

"No, sir; he might be a funeral mute for talk."

"Does he come to the table for his meals?"

"No, sir; his grub's carried in to him."

"When did you see him last?"

"About an hour ago."

"Does he seem well?"

"Well as I am, sir."

I asked no more questions. There was a cheerfulness in the steward's way of answering which promised me he saw nothing peculiar in the lad. This was reassuring, for I knew he was often in and out of the young man's berth, and anything eccentric in his conduct would strike him. As for me, it was no part of my duty to intrude upon the passengers in their privacy.

We took the northeast trade-wind, made noble progress down the North Atlantic, lost the commercial gale in 8° or 10° north of the equator, and then lay "humbugging," as the forecastle saying is, on plains of greasy blue water, scarcely crisped by the cat's-paw, and often for hours at a time without air enough to wag the fly of the vane at the mast-head. One very hot night, after a day of roasting calm, I lingered on the poop for some while after my customary hour of retiring to rest for the refreshment of the dew-cooled atmosphere and the cold breath lifting off the black surface of the ocean. The awning was spread over the poop; a few shadowy figures moved slowly under it; here and there a red star indicated a smoker sucking at a cigar; the water alongside was full of smoky fire rolling in dim green bursts of cloud from the bends of the ship as she leaned with the swell. But the stars were few and faint; down in the southwest was a little play of silent lightning; the noises of the night were rare and weak, scarce more than the flap of some pinion of cloth up in the gloom, or the jerk of a wheel chain, or the subdued moan of water washing under the counter.

I smoked out my pipe and still lingered; it was very hot, and I did not love the fancy of my bunk on such a night. The passengers went below, one by one, after the cabin lamps were turned down. Six bells were struck—eleven o'clock. I took a few turns with the officer of the watch; then went on to the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Norton-Savage smoking and chatting with two or three of the passengers under the little clock against the cuddy front. The captain offered me a cigar; our companions presently withdrew, and we were left alone.

I observed a note of excitement in Captain Savage's speech, and guessed that the heat had coaxed him into draining more seltzer and brandy than was good for him. We were together till half past eleven; his talk was mainly anecdotic, and wholly concerned others. I asked him how his wife bore the heat. He answered very well, he thought. Did not I think the voyage was doing her good? I answered I had observed her at dinner that day, and thought she looked very well, spite of her pallor. These were the last words I spoke before wishing him good-night. He threw the end of his cigar overboard and went to his cabin, which was situated on the port side, just over the against hatch down which I went to my quarters in the steerage.

All was silent in this part. The hush upon the deep worked in the ship like a spirit; at long intervals only rose the faint sounds of cargo lightly strained in the hold. Much time passed before I could sleep. Through the open port-hole over my bunk I could hear the mellow chimes of the ship's bell as it was struck. It was as though the land lay close aboard with a church clock chiming. The hot atmosphere was rendered doubly disgusting by the smell of the drugs. Yea, more than drugs, methought, went to the combined flavor; I seemed to sniff bilge-water and the odor of the cockroach.

I was awakened by a hand upon my shoulder.

"Rouse up, for God's sake, doctor! There's a man stabbed in the cuddy!"

I instantly got my wits, and threw my legs over the edge of the bunk.

"What's this about a man stabbed?" I exclaimed, pulling on my clothes.

The person who had called me was the second mate, Mr. Storey. He told me that he was officer of the watch; a few minutes since one of the passengers, who slept next the berth occupied by the Savages, was awakened by a shriek; he ran into the cuddy, and at that moment Mrs. Savage put her head out and said that her husband lay dead with a knife buried in his heart. The passenger rushed on deck, and Mr. Storey came to fetch me before arousing the captain.

I found several people in the cuddy. The shriek of the wife had awakened others besides the passenger who had raised the alarm. Captain Smallport, the commander of the ship, hastily ran out of his cabin as I passed through the steerage hatch. Some one had turned the cabin lamp full on, and the light was abundant. The captain came to me, and I stepped at once to the Savages' berth and entered it. There was no light here, and the cuddy lamp threw no illumination into this cabin. I called for a box of matches, and lighted the bracket lamp, and then there was revealed this picture: In the upper bunk, clothed in a sleeping costume of pyjamas and light jacket, lay the figure of Captain Norton-Savage, with the cross-shaped hilt of a dagger standing up out of his breast over the heart, and a dark stain of blood showing under it like its shadow. In the right-hand corner beside the door stood Mrs. Savage in her night-dress;

her face was of the whiteness of her bed-gown; her black eyes were starting, and looked double their usual size. I noticed blood upon her right hand, and a stain of blood upon her night-dress over the right hip. All this was the impression of a swift glance. In a step I was at Captain Savage's side, and found him dead.

"Here is murder, captain," said I, turning to the commander of the ship.

He closed the door to shut out the prying passengers, and exclaimed, "Is he dead?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Savage shrieked. I observed her dressing-gown hanging beside the door, and put it on her, again noticing the blood-stains upon her hands and night-dress. She looked horribly frightened, and trembled violently.

"What can you tell us about this?" said Captain Smallport.

In her foreign accent, strongly defined by the passion of terror or grief, she answered—but in such broken, tremulous, hysteric sentences as I should be unable to communicate in writing—that being suddenly awakened by a noise as of her cabin door opened or shut, she called to Captain Savage, but received no answer. She called again. Then, not knowing whether he had yet come to bed, and the cabin being in darkness, she got out of her bunk, and felt over the upper one for him. Her hand touched the hilt of the dagger—she shook him, and called his name—touched the dagger again, then uttered the shriek that had alarmed the ship.

"Is it suicide?" said the captain, turning to me.

I looked at the body, at the posture of the hands, and answered, emphatically, "No."

I found terror rather than grief in Mrs. Savage's manner. Whenever she directed her eyes at the corpse I noticed the straining of panic fear in them. The captain opened the cabin door and called for the stewardess. She was in waiting outside, as you may believe. The cuddy, indeed, was full of people, and whilst the door was open I heard the grumbling hum of the voices of 'tween-deck passengers and seamen crowding at the cuddy front. The news had spread that one of the first-class passengers had been murdered, and every tongue was asking who had done it.

The stewardess took Mrs. Savage to a spare cabin. When the women were gone, and the door again shut, Captain Smallport still remaining with me, I drew the dagger out of the breast of the body, and took it to the light. It was more properly a dagger-shaped knife than a dagger, the point sharp as a needle, the edge razorlike. The handle was of fretted ivory; to it was affixed a thin slip of silver plate, on which was engraved, "Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar."

"Is it the wife's doing, do you think?" said the captain, looking at the dagger.

"I would not say yes or no to that question yet," said I.

"She might have done it in her sleep."

"Look at his hands," said I. "He did not stab himself. Will you take charge of this dagger, captain?"

"All bloody, like that!" cried he, recoiling.

I cleansed it, and then he took it.

We stood conversing awhile. I examined the body again; which done, the pair of us went out, first extinguishing the lamp, and then locking the door.

The passengers sat up for the remainder of the night, and the ship was as full of life as though the sun had risen. In every corner of the vessel was there a hum of talk in the subdued note into which the horror of murder depresses the voice. The captain called his chief officer and myself to his cabin. We inspected the dagger afresh and talked the dreadful thing over. Who was the assassin? Both the captain and the mate cried, "Who but the wife?" I said I could not be satisfied of that yet. Who was Charles Winthrop Sheringham? who was Leonora Dunbar? It was some comfort anyhow to feel that whoever the wretch might be, he or she was in the ship. There were no doors to rush through, no windows to leap from, no country roads to scour *here*. The assassin was a prisoner with us all in the ship. Our business was to find out who of the whole crowd of us had murdered the man, and we had many weeks before us.

In the small hours the sail-maker and his mate stitched up the body ready for the toss over the side before noon. We waited until the sun had risen, then, our resolution having been formed, the captain and I entered the berth which had been occupied by the Savages, and examined such baggage as we found there. The keys were in a bag. Our search lasted an hour. At the expiration of the hour we had found out, mainly through the agency of a large bundle of letters, but in part also through other direct proofs, that the name of the murdered man was Charles Winthrop Sheringham; that the name of the lady whom we had known as Mrs. Savage was Leonora Dunbar; that this Miss Dunbar had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Sheringham; and that the husband had eloped with her, and taken passage for Melbourne in the ship *Chiliman*, promising marriage in twenty solemn protestations on their arrival in Australia, the ceremony to be repeated should Mrs. Sheringham die.

This story we got together out of the letters and other conclusive evidence. The captain was now rootedly of opinion that Miss Dunbar had killed Sheringham.

"It's not only the dagger," said he, "with her name on it, which was therefore hers, and in her keeping when the murder was done; for suppose some one else the assassin, are you to believe that he entered the Savages' berth and rummaged for this particular weapon instead of using a knife of his own? How would he know of the dagger, or where to find it? It's not the dagger only: there's the stains on her hand and bed-gown. And mightn't she have killed him in a fit of madness, owing to remorse and thoughts of a life-long banishment from England, and horror of the disgrace and shame he's brought her to?"

I listened in silence, but not yet could I make up my mind.

I met the stewardess coming to the captain with the key of the Savages' cabin; she wanted clothes for the lady. I asked how Mrs. Savage did, giving the unhappy woman the name she was known by on board.

"She won't speak, sir," answered the stewardess. "She's fallen into a stony silence. She sits with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down, and I can't get a word out of her."

"I'll look in upon her by-and-by," said I.

The body was buried at ten o'clock in the morning. The captain read the funeral service, and the quarter-deck was crowded with the passengers and crew. I don't think there was the least doubt throughout the whole body of the people that Mrs. Savage, as they supposed her, had murdered Sheringham. It was the murder that put into this funeral service the wild tragic significance everybody seemed to find in it, to judge at least by the looks on the faces I glanced at.

When the ceremony was ended I called for the stewardess, and went with her to Miss Dunbar's cabin. On entering I requested the stewardess to leave me. The lady was seated, and did not lift her eyes, nor exhibit any signs of life whilst I stood looking. Her complexion had turned into a dull pale yellow, and her face, with its expression of hard, almost blank repose, might have passed for marble wantonly tinctured a dim primrose. She had exchanged her dressing-gown for a robe, and appeared attired as usual. I asked some questions, but got no answer. I then took a seat by her side, and called her by the name of Leonora Dunbar. She now looked at me steadily, but I did not remark any expression of strong surprise, of the alarm and amazement, I had supposed the utterance of that name would excite.

I said, softly: "The captain and I have discovered who you are, and your relations with Charles Winthrop Sheringham. Was it you who stabbed him? Tell me if you did it. Your sufferings will be the lighter when you have eased your conscience of the weight of the dreadful secret."

It is hard to interpret the expression of the eyes if the rest of the features do not help. I seemed to find a look of hate and contempt in hers. Her face continued marble-hard. Not being able to coax a syllable out of her, though I spared nothing of professional patience in the attempt, I left the cabin, and calling the stewardess, bade her see that the lady was kept without means to do herself a mischief.

That day and the next passed. Miss Dunbar continued dumb as a corpse. I visited her several times, and twice Captain Smallport accompanied me, but never a word would she utter. Nay, she would not even lift her eyes to look at us. I told the captain that it might be mere mulishness, or a condition of mind that would end in madness. It was impossible to say. The stewardess said she ate and drank, and went obediently to bed when ordered. She was as passive as a broken-spirited child, she said. For her part, she didn't believe the lady had killed the poor man.

It was on the fourth day following the murder that the glass fell; it blackened in the northwest, and came on to blow a hard gale of wind. A mountainous sea was running in a few hours, upon which the ship made furious weather, clothed in flying brine to her tops, under no other canvas than a small storm main try-sail. The hatches were battened down; the decks were full of water, which flashed in clouds of glittering smoke over the lee bulwark rail. The passengers for the most part kept their cabins; the cook could do no cooking. Indeed, the galley fire was washed out, and we appeased our appetites with biscuit and tinned meat.

The gale broke at nine o'clock on the following morning, leaving a wild confused sea and a scowling sky all round the horizon, with ugly yellow breaks over our reeling mast-heads. I was in my gloomy quarters, whose atmosphere was little more than a green twilight, with the wash of the emerald brine swelling in thunder over the port-hole, when the steward arrived to tell me that one of the passengers had met with a serious accident. I asked no questions, but instantly followed him along the steerage corridor into the cuddy, where I found a group of the saloon people standing beside the figure of the young fellow named John Burgess, who lay at his length upon the deck. I had not set eyes on him for days and days.

I thought at first he was dead. His eyes were half closed, with a glazing look of approaching dissolution in the visible part of the pupils, and at first I could feel no pulse. Two or three of the sailors who had brought him into the cuddy stood in the doorway. They told me that the young fellow had persisted in mounting the forecastle ladder to windward. He was hailed to come down, as the ship was pitching heavily, and often dishing bodies of green water over her bows. He took no notice of the men's cries, and had gained the forecastle-deck, when an unusually heavy lurch flung him. He fell from a height of eight or nine feet, which might have broken a limb for him only; unhappily he struck the windlass end, and lay seemingly lifeless.

I bade them lift and carry him to his cabin, that I might examine him; and when they had placed him in his bunk I told them to send the steward to help me, and went to work to partially unclothe the lad to judge of his injuries.

On opening his coat I discovered that he was a woman.

I stood a moment looking at the white face, greatly astonished, and yet sensible somehow that I ought not to feel very much surprised, since the revelation was but a sudden putting into shape of the indeterminable fancy which had haunted me on every occasion I had seen the lad, or rather the young woman, and watched her as she walked, and the movements of her figure, and reflected upon the delicacy of her features.

On the arrival of the steward I told him that the young fellow called John Burgess was a girl, and I requested him to send the stewardess; and whilst I waited for her I carefully examined the unconscious sufferer, and judged that she had received mortal internal injuries. All the while that I was thus employed some extraordinary thoughts ran in my head.

The stewardess came. I gave her certain directions, and went to the captain to report the matter. He was in no wise surprised to learn that a woman dressed as a man was aboard his ship. Twice, he told me, had that sort of passenger sailed with him within the last four years.

"Captain," said I, "I'll tell you what's in my head: that woman below who styled herself John Burgess murdered Sheringham."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I believe that she's his wife."

"Ha!" said Captain Smallport.

I gave several reasons for this notion—what I observed in the disguised woman's behavior when hidden behind the mainmast; then her being a foreigner, in all probability a South American, as Leonora Dunbar was, and so on.

He said, "What about the blood on Miss Dunbar's hand and night-dress?"

"She told us she had felt over the body."

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Doctor, you see things more clearly than I do."

When I had conversed for some time with Captain Smallport, I walked to Miss Dunbar's cabin, knocked, and entered. I found her on this occasion standing with her back to the door, apparently gazing at the sea through the port-hole; she did not turn her head. I stood beside her to see her face, and said:

"I have made a discovery; Mrs. Sheringham is on board this ship."

On my pronouncing these words she screamed, sprang backwards, and looked at me with a face in which I clearly read that her silence had been sheer sullen mulish obstinacy, with nothing of insanity in it—pure stubborn determination to keep silence, that we might think what we chose.

"Mrs. Sheringham in this ship?" she cried, with starting eyes, and the wildest, whitest countenance you can imagine.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then it's she who murdered Sheringham. She is capable of it. She's a tigress!" she cried, in a voice pitched to the note of a scream.

"That's what I have come to talk to you about, and I am glad you have found your voice."

"Where is she?" she asked, and a strong shudder ran through her.

"She is in the cabin below—dying; she may be dead even now as we converse."

She uttered something in Spanish passionately and clasped her hands.

"Now hear me," said I, "since you have your ears, and have found your tongue. You are suspected of having murdered the man you eloped with."

"It is false!" she shrieked. "I loved him! Oh! I loved him!" She caught her breath and wept bitterly.

"In my own heart," said I, touched by her dreadful misery, "I believe you guiltless. I am sure you are so, now that we have discovered that Mrs. Sheringham is on board. Will you answer me a question?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"You know that Sheringham was stabbed to the heart with a dagger?"

"Yes."

"It bears this inscription: '*Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar.*' Was that dagger in your possession in this ship?"

"No. Mr. Sheringham gave it to me. There was no such inscription as you name upon it. I left it behind me when I came away. I swear before my God I speak the truth!"

Her voice was broken with sobs; she spoke with deepest agitation. Her manner convinced me it was as she represented.

I said, "Come with me and see the woman, and tell me if she is Mrs. Sheringham."

She shrank, and cried out that she would not go. She was perfectly sane; all her stubbornness was gone from her; she was now a miserable, scared, broken-hearted woman. I told her that the person I took to be Mrs. Sheringham lay insensible and perhaps dead at this moment, and by putting on an air of command I succeeded at last in inducing, or rather obliging, her to accompany me. She veiled herself before quitting the cabin. The saloon was empty. We passed swiftly into the steerage, and she followed me into the cabin where the woman was.

The poor creature was still unconscious; the stewardess stood beside the bunk looking at its dying white occupant. I said to Miss Dunbar,

"Is it Mrs. Sheringham?"

She was cowering at the door, but when she perceived that the woman lay without motion, with her eyes half closed, insensible, and perhaps dead, as she might suppose, she drew near the bunk, peered breathlessly, and then looking around to me, said:

"She is Mrs. Sheringham. Let me go!"

I opened the door, and she fled, with a strange noise of sobbing.

I staid for nearly three hours in Mrs. Sheringham's berth. There was nothing to be done for her. She passed away in her unconsciousness, and afterwards when I looked more closely into the nature of her injuries I wondered that she could have lived five minutes after the terrible fall that had beaten sensibility out of her over the windlass end.

I went to the captain to report her death, and in a long talk I gave him my views of the tragic business. I said there could be no question that Mrs. Sheringham had followed the guilty couple to sea with a determination to so murder her husband as to fix the crime of his death upon his paramour. How was this to be done? Her discovery at her home of the dagger her husband had given to Leonora Dunbar would perhaps give her the idea she needed. If Miss Dunbar spoke the truth, then indeed I could not account for the inscription on the dagger; but there could be no question whatever that Mrs. Sheringham had been her husband's murderess.

This was my theory, and it was afterwards verified up to the hilt. On the arrival of the *Chiliman* at Melbourne, Miss Dunbar was sent home to take her trial for the murder of Mr. Sheringham; but her innocence was established by, first, the circumstance of a woman having been found aboard dressed as a man; next, by the statement of witnesses that a woman whose appearance exactly corresponded with that of "John Burgess" had been the rounds of the shipping-offices to inspect the lists of passengers by vessels bound to Australia; thirdly, by letters written to Leonora Dunbar by Sheringham found among Mrs. Sheringham's effects, in one of which the man told the girl that he proposed to carry her to Australia. Finally, and this was the most conclusive item in the whole catalogue of evidence, an engraver swore that a woman answering to Mrs. Sheringham's description called upon him with the dagger (produced in court), and requested him without delay to inscribe upon the thin plate, "Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar."

And yet, but for the death of Mrs. Sheringham and my discovery of her sex, it was far more likely than not that the wife would have achieved her aim by killing her husband and getting her rival hanged for the murder.

A THAW.

THE farm-house fire is dull and black,
  The trailing smoke rolls white and low
Along the fields till by the wood
  It banks and floats unshaken, slow;
The scattering sounds seem near and loud,
  The rising sun is clear and white,
And in the air a mystery stirs
  Of wintry hosts in coward flight.

Anon the south-wind breathes across
  The frozen earth its bonds to break,
Till at the call of life returned
  It softly stirs but half awake.
The cattle clamor in their stalls,
  The house-dog barks, he knows not why,
The cock crows by the stable door,
  The snow-birds, sombre-hued, go by.

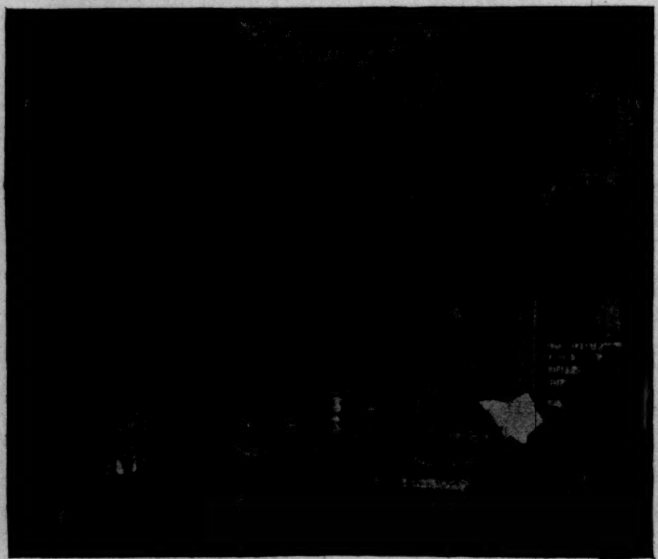
The busy housewife on the snow
  To bleach lays out her linen store,
And scolds because with careless feet
  The children track the spotless floor.
With nightfall comes the slow warm rain,
  The purl of waters fills the air,
And save where roll the gleaming drifts
  The fields lie sullen, black, and bare.

P. McArthur.

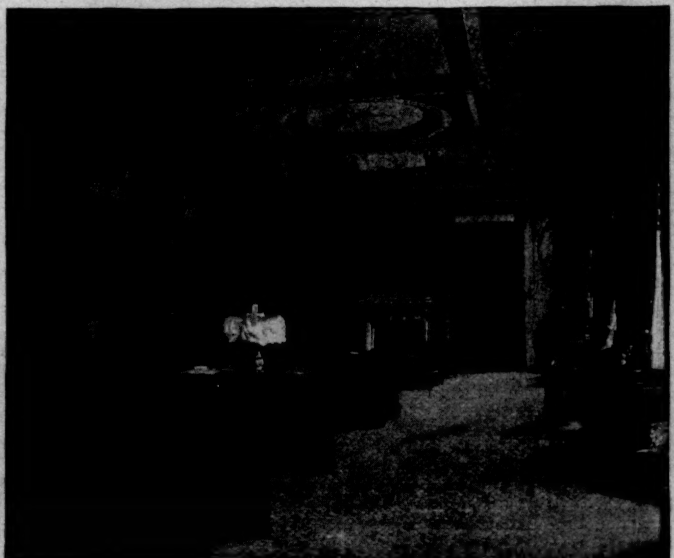
DEDICATION OF THE CONGRESS HALL MEMORIAL TABLET, BALTIMORE.
Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a Photograph by Bendann.—[See Page 226.]

LADIES' DINING-ROOM.

MAIN DINING-ROOM.

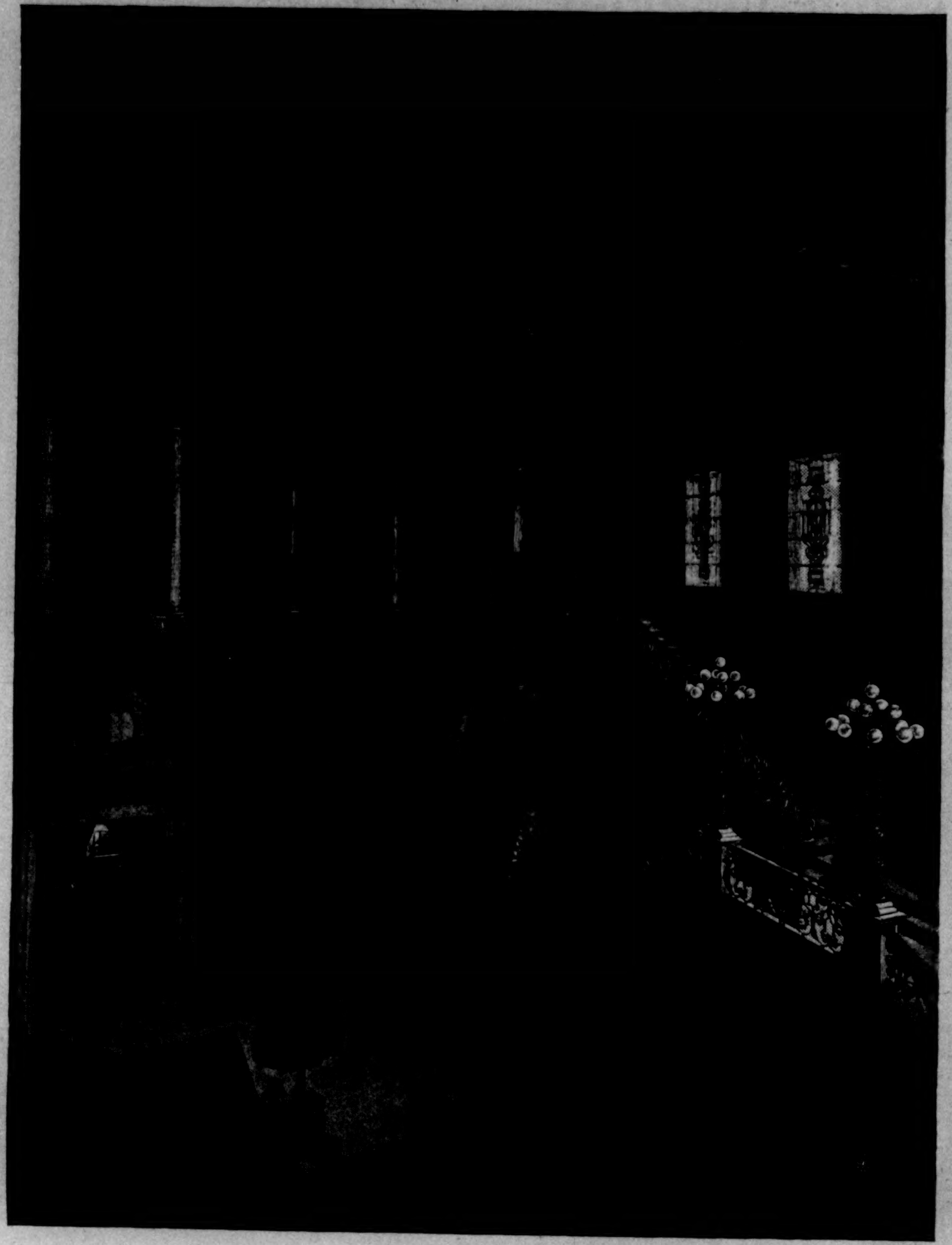


LIBRARY.

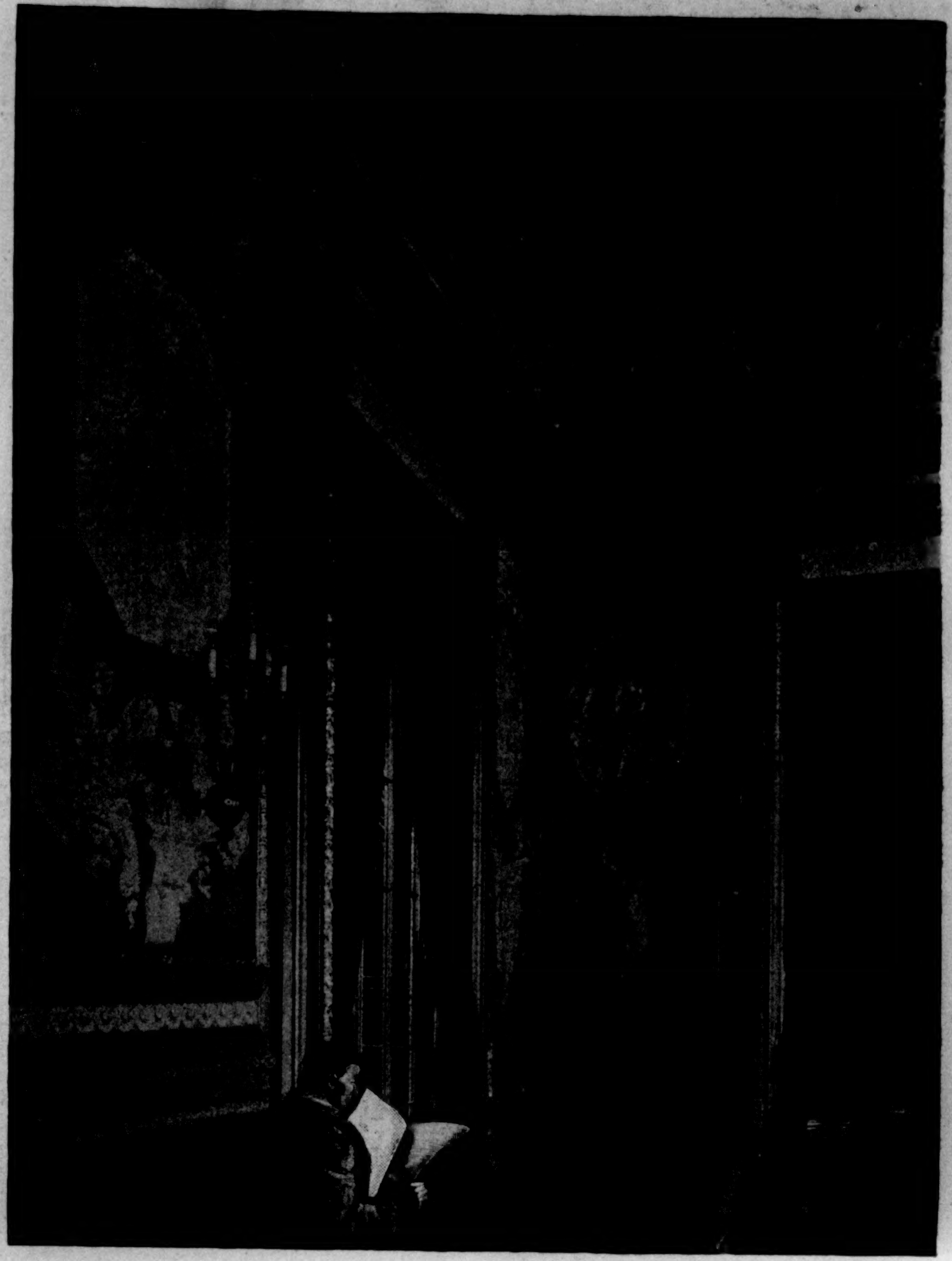


LOUNGING-ROOM.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, NEW YORK.—[See Page 226.]



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.



A CORNER IN THE LOUNGING-ROOM.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, NEW YORK.—[See Page 226.]

A PROTECTION MUGWUMP'S VIEWS.

As an original mugwump of Republican antecedents who has never hesitated to act with the Democracy when the public good seemed to demand it, or to denounce the errors and abuses of both parties, I may possibly be able to take a not wholly prejudiced view of the political situation.

To understand it aright we must cast a backward glance on the election of 1892. The canvass of that year on the part of the Democracy was the boldest and most successful fraud since the somewhat similar one of 1844. Mr. Cleveland was nominated on a platform framed to render his nomination impossible, and he accepted it in a letter which was a model of adroit evasiveness. His managers were thus enabled to solicit popular support on pledges suited to any given section. If objections were made to the radical demagoguery of the platform, they could declare that Mr. Cleveland was the platform, and that his assumed conservatism was a guarantee against dangerous innovation. Where that conservatism was objectionable, they could point to the platform, and promise that its principles should be enforced in legislation. The bogy of a defunct and buried force bill was effectively used, farmers were dazzled with the prospect of a dollar-and-a-quarter wheat, while workingmen were told that the tariff had nothing to do with wages. The anti snappers were lured with the hopes of a vindication of the principles for which they had struggled, while the Tammany tiger was placated in the mysteries of the Victoria Hotel dinner. Thus with consummate but short-sighted skill the managers succeeded in uniting in Mr. Cleveland's support the most incongruous and antagonistic elements. So heterogeneous a combination of voters was never before marshalled together at the polls. Its nucleus was that standing menace to our institutions, the solid South, with its votes in Congress and the electoral college based on the freedmen, whose ballots are practically suppressed. Allied with this were the great corporations in sugar, beer, and whiskey; Tammany Hall in New York; the race-track gamblers in New Jersey; the anarchists and enemies of the public schools in Illinois; and the socialists who under various disguises have obtained so wide a following beyond the Mississippi. Mr. Cleveland marched to triumph at the head of all the dangerous classes of the republic. It was a Pyrrhic victory, and the success of an administration so brought into power would be a reversal of the moral law. When the time came to redeem the assortment of mutually destructive pledges made for Mr. Cleveland by his lieutenants there inevitably ensued the disintegration and demoralization which are rendering Congress an object of contempt, and which are only kept under fitful control by a prostitution of patronage more cynical than has hitherto disgraced the nation. No great party in our history was ever before placed in a position so humiliating as was the Democracy when in order to carry out the silver policy of its platform it was obliged to call upon its cheated and defeated opponents to overcome the majority of its own members; nor is it to-day able to control the antics of Mr. Bland with that majority at his back, or to prevent its helpless and nerveless Secretary of the Treasury from toying with the illusive prospect of fifty-five millions of fiat money to be based on the swindle of the so-called seigniorage.

It is small wonder that the land which two years since was so prosperous is now paralyzed with fear of the possibilities which lie before us at the hands of the motley mob gathered in the halls of Congress. Nor, in considering the effect of this upon the popular mind, can we omit the bitter humiliation arising from the fact that we are delivered over to the tender mercies of the South. To one whose memories of the civil war are still fresh it would seem impossible that the vanquished South should already, by means of the Democratic party, have become dominant in the Union, into which it was coerced. Yet so it is. It may please Mr. Hewitt to disparage the statesmanship of the South, but in so doing he only passes a sentence of the severest condemnation on his own party, which is so abjectly under Southern control, and is content to be the instrument through which the lately rebellious States rule the republic. The South is thus enabled to look with patience on the spectacle of the suffering industries of the North—the silent forges, the closed mills, the hundreds of thousands of starving men and women converted from industrious operatives to dependents on charity. To one who deplores this desolation it adds a sense of shame to reflect that the vast and complex structure of Northern civilization was placed in the House of Representatives at the mercy of a little knot of Southern country lawyers, and that in the Senate Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas furnish the men who counsel together on the destinies of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. Under such conditions it is no wonder that the policy adopted seems as though it were meant for the Grand-duchy of Gerolstein. To meet an approaching deficit of seventy millions a tariff is framed deliberately estimated to reduce the revenues seventy-five millions more, and to fill this yawning abyss resort is had to the most unjust and detested of war taxes—the tax on incomes. Moreover, as though to advertise the predetermined purpose of this, the tax is so devised as to throw the burden mainly on the industrious communities of the North. Under the $4000 exemption it is reasonably fair to predict that south of the Potomac the returns will not defray the cost of collection, and that the practical working of the law will be to send money into that region rather than to draw it thence. When the South can accomplish legislation so purely sectional, Gettysburg and the Five Forks are avenged.

That sectionalism is in fact the guiding principle of this series of measures would appear evident from the fact that the hateful burden thus to be imposed upon the North is wholly a work of supererogation—that there are ample sources of revenue accessible which would fill the deficit, and would have the supreme advantage of immediate availability and of reasonable certainty. The proposed income tax will produce no returns for eighteen months, when the amount which it will realize is purely conjectural, and will be as small as the ingenuity of its victims can make it. In spite of penalties and of the most odious system of inquisition, there will be a rankling sense of injustice that will prompt the employment of all practical means of evasion. The scanty income of the widow and the orphan can be reached through the corporations, but the individual will largely escape, as Mr. Tilden did; nor can the Democracy, which considered this shrewdness no bar to his elevation to the Presidency, complain if his example should be imitated. Statesmen in framing legislation take all such elements into consideration, but statesmanship seems to be a lost art to the party in power.

It is useless for those who voted for Mr. Cleveland in the fond belief that he was better than his party to look to him for relief. When he accepted office at the hands of such a fortuitous agglomeration of incongruous factions as that which was fraudulently gathered to his support, he forfeited all influence over his supporters save that derived from the prostitution of patronage, and this is an influence which necessarily exhausts itself. Nor can there be any sane expectation of help from a President who, during a period of such unexampled national distress, busies himself in quixotic endeavors to right the wrongs of dusky savage damsels in the Pacific—a knight errantry which Professor Woolsey has shown to be eminently superfluous, and which unpleasantly suggests the fiddling of Nero while Rome was burning.

The only comfort which a lover of his country can extract from the situation is the hope that it cannot last. The unhallowed combination which elected Mr. Cleveland is a rope of sand, and is rapidly resolving itself into its original elements, as one section after another discovers that the multitudinous and incompatible pledges given in his name must be dishonored. What is to be the result it is impossible as yet to forecast. The recent elections are encouraging, inasmuch as they indicate a revival and reconsolidation of conservatism—a protest against the innovating radicalism into which the Democratic party has found itself forced.

On the other hand, there are prospects which are by no means reassuring. The socialistic alliances of the Democracy have given to the wild theories of Populism a national character which may render them supremely dangerous in the near future. Of this we have a foretaste in the support which the South has secured from the West for its income-tax project. Democracy may find in socialism its Frankenstein. We may be on the threshold of a new division of parties, in which all the conservative elements of the nation may be forced to rally around the Republican standard as the sole hope of resisting a series of disastrous experiments which will threaten the very fabric of society.

HENRY CHARLES LEA.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 24, 1894.

THE CONGRESS HALL TABLET.

THE Maryland Society, Sons of the American Revolution, celebrated Washington's birthday in Baltimore by unveiling the handsome bronze tablet which had been erected upon the site formerly occupied by old Congress Hall, at the corner of Sharp and Baltimore streets.

After receiving as their guests the Governor of Maryland and staff, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Mayor and City Council, and the Society of the War of 1812, they were escorted to the place of interest by the celebrated Fifth Maryland Regiment, the Fourth Maryland Regiment, the Veteran Firemen, and other military and civic associations.

The unveiling ceremonies were of a simple character. Mr. William Ridgely Griffith, chairman of the committee, presented the tablet to Mr. Philip D. Laird, president of the Society, and he in turn to Mayor Latrobe, as the representative of the city of Baltimore.

The design, by Colonel Charles T. Holloway, represents the old Congress Hall in relief, with the inscription below.

On the rounding sides are the names of the thirteen original States, separated by as many stars, six on one side and seven on the other.

Its dimensions are five by four feet, and it weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. The Schultz Art Metal Co., of Baltimore, made the castings.

The society determined to mark this historic spot with a suitable memorial, and thus to confer upon the community an object-lesson which should stimulate investigation, and be the means of bringing to the thoughts of busy men some realization of the benefits conferred upon them by the founders of the republic. Situated in the very heart of the wholesale trade district, it cannot fail to attract attention and instruct the people.

The British arms had been victorious at Long Island, and the American army was in retreat. Already the enemy were encamped on the banks of the Delaware.

Philadelphia was considered unsafe, and Congress hastily adjourned to meet in Baltimore. Upon reassembling here, in "Congress Hall," they deliberated a week, and then conferred upon Washington powers which practically made him dictator. They remained in Baltimore until the last of the following February, when they returned to Philadelphia.

The "tavern" in which the sessions were held was owned by Jacob Fite, who patriotically tendered his best apartments to the cause he loved. The old building remained intact for nearly a century, being used for stores on the first floor, and as a boarding-house above.

George Peabody, philanthropist and patron of the arts and science, resided in this house while a member of the firm of Peabody, Riggs, & Co., and to whom, I believe, our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Hon. William Pinkney Whyte, was once clerk.

The march of improvements has finally obliterated all trace of this famous house, and the site is now covered by massive warehouses, one of which belongs to the estate of another Baltimorean, well known at home and abroad, the late Johns Hopkins.

The society is now engaged in the more ambitious work of raising money to build a monument to the patriots of Maryland who assisted in the Revolution, and the zeal and industry which have realized the tablet will doubtless build the monument.

JOHN RICHARDSON DORSEY.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

THE largest, most imposing, and most luxurious of the club-houses of New York was that which was opened to representatives of the public for part of one day last week, and thereupon straightway sealed to all but its own members and their guests. The simplest and most plausible account of the genesis of the Metropolitan Club is that it was projected by those members of the Union Club and candidates upon its waiting list who were disappointed by the decision of the club to remain in its moated brownstone grange at the bottom of Fifth Avenue, and desired the same sort of company and accommodations which that organization has for several generations furnished in a quarter nearer the newer social centre of the town. Naturally the projectors looked, in the first place, for men of substance to stand sponsors for their scheme. They were so successful in this quest that while it was still but a protoplasm containing the promise and potency of a club the germ came to be called the Millionaires' Club, and the mad wags promptly caused it to be known as the Common Wealth. This was not surprising, for it would be rash to conjecture how many millions, as the reporters are fond of saying, were "represented" in the first list of members. It would be equally rash to assume that the club is entirely composed of millionaires. It is perhaps the most costly of our clubs in the matters of entrance fees and dues, but there are in it many men of modest fortunes, which peradventure some of them hope to make more immodest by their membership. A club all millionaires is, indeed, inconceivable, and would scarcely be enlivening.

The aspect of the club-house tends, however, to confirm the most extravagant conjectures about the number of millions that it "represents." Its exterior architecture is severely plain. It is only its unusual size and the white marble of which it is built that make the house conspicuous or even noticeable. The force of simplicity, indeed, could not go much further, for the only decorative piece of architecture to be seen upon the outside is the colonnaded entrance at the rear. The plainness, however, disappears when one passes the doorway, though the large and lofty hall to which the doorway gives access, sumptuous as it is, with its walls of polished marble and its deeply coffered ceiling incrusted with gold, is rather more severe in design than the other principal apartments. This hall is surrounded by two tiers of galleries, of which the upper is signalized by an Ionic colonnade in polished marble, which is the principal architectural feature, for the double stairway that gives access to the galleries on the street side is scarcely important enough to furnish at once a dominating feature and a self-evident explanation for a room of so unusual dimensions and proportions. The dimensions, indeed, of the principal rooms, the lounging-room, the library, and the great dining-room in particular, are unusual, especially the height, which of itself would serve to give a much more "palatial" impression than we have been accustomed to on this side of the water, great as our recent advances have been in the direction of palatial architecture. But the first and most powerful impression one receives is of a luxury beyond any previous attempts in this direction—a luxury the sense of which is so overpowering as to make us forget or postpone the consideration of what of art may have gone to make it up, and which goes far to justify to the visitor the nickname of the club. These gorgeous interiors seem to indicate what those hardy pioneers, the decorators of the North River steamboats, would have done if they had had the advantage of a sojourn among the palaces of France and Italy and a course at the Beaux-Arts.

The principal apartments in addition to the great hall are the lounging-room on the first floor, the library on the second, and the dining-room, which, according to what is now the fixed custom, is at the top of the house. In all these there is a profusion and riot of decoration that are beyond any other American examples, and tend to impress the spectator primarily with the sumptuousness, and only secondarily with the art. The decoration, indeed, more especially of the great dining-room, seems to contradict the dictum of Vespasian that cash is inodorous, for it exhales riches as, according to Cardinal Newman, the common-room of Oriel College in his time exhaled logic—only exhale was not the word the Cardinal used. It is quite impossible to escape from the fact that "all this," this profusion of modelled plaster and this riot of color, has cost a great deal of money. One is prone to exclaim at the sight of it, as Mrs. Carlyle's serving-maid at the painted Madonna, "How expensive!" That much fantasy and cleverness have gone to the expensiveness of it is a detail, and that the fantasy and cleverness were those of the Italian stucco-workers of the sixteenth century is, even if it be the fact, a yet minor detail. The contrast between the early and severe Renaissance of the exterior and the profuse and riotous Rococo of the interior is striking; but the interior has also striking contrasts of its own.

The many minor rooms that are required in a well-appointed club-house do not, as indeed they need not, conform to the "state apartments." To see what a range of things the word "classic" may connote, one need only step from the great dining-rooms into one of the private dining-rooms that is carried out in "Colonial," a chaste and timid apartment that produces much the same effect as a solo on the flageolet after the crash of a military band.

Nevertheless, there are, even among the state apartments of the club, those in which, to borrow Carlyle's description, "upholstery" does not seem to have been "aided by the subject fine arts" nor the sense of ostentation excluded the sense of repose The library, a rich and harmonious room, is one of these. The tunnel-vaulted and sky-lit corridor that leads to the main dining-room is another. Upon the whole, however, the total impression is that which we have tried to render.

It is something to have presented in New York an example, undoubtedly authentic and learnedly executed, of the "high Renaissance" in decoration, carried out regardless of expense. Heretofore we have confined it mainly to the labors of Italian journeymen in theatres and hotels, and even there there is a sense of stint in the matter of cost which interferes with the full effect of the style. We have been chary of applying it in full to domestic uses, or to the quasi-domestic uses of a club. But we can see in the interior architecture of the Metropolitan Club what Matthew Arnold meant when he said that "Paris is the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*," and owes its attractiveness to this fact. We cannot fail to see that the architecture and decoration of the new club-house were developed in accordance with his demands, and that a more serious and strenuous art would not meet his views so well. Certainly *l'homme moyen* may be expected to like the new club-house very much.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ON the Sunday following the one of Barnabas Thayer's call, Sylvia Crane appeared at meeting in a black lace veil like a Spanish señorita. The heavily wrought black lace fell over her face, and people could get only shifting glimpses of her delicate features behind it.

Richard Alger glanced furtively at the pale face shrinking austerely behind the net-work of black silk leaves and flowers, and wondered at some change which he felt but could not fathom. He scarcely knew that she had never worn the veil before. And Richard Alger, had he known, could never have fathomed the purely feminine motive, compounded of pride and shame, which led his old sweetheart to unearth from the depths of a bandbox her mother's worked lace veil, and tie its narrow black drawing-string with trembling fingers over her own bonnet.

"I'd like to know what in creation you've got that veil on for?" whispered her sister, Hannah Berry, as they went down the aisle after meeting.

"I thought I would," responded Sylvia's muffled voice behind the veil.

"You've got the flowers right over your eyes. I shouldn't think you could see to walk. You 'ain't never worn a veil in your life. I can't see what has got into you," persisted Hannah.

Sylvia edged away from her as soon as she could, and glided down the road toward her own house swiftly, although her knees trembled. Sylvia's knees always trembled when she came out of church, after she had sat an hour and a half opposite Richard Alger. To-day they felt weaker than ever after her encounter with Hannah. Nobody knew the terror that Sylvia had of her sisters' discovering how she had called in Barnabas Thayer, and in a manner unveiled her maiden heart to him. When Charlotte had come in that night after Barnabas had gone, and discovered her crying on the sofa, she had jumped up and confronted her with a fierce instinct of concealment.

"There ain't nothin' new the matter," she said, in response to Charlotte's question; "I was thinkin' about mother; I'm apt to when it comes dusk." It was the first deliberate lie that Sylvia Crane had ever told in her life. She reflected upon it after Charlotte had gone, and reflected also with fierce hardihood that she would lie again were it necessary. Should she hesitate at a lie if it would cover the maiden reserve that she had cherished so long?

However, Charlotte had suspected more than her aunt knew of the true cause of her agitation. A similar motive for grief made her acute. Sylvia mourning alone of a Sabbath night upon her hair-cloth sofa struck an old chord of her own heart. Charlotte dared not say a word to comfort her directly. She condoled with her for the fifteen-year-old loss of her mother, and did not allude to Richard Alger; but going home, she said to herself, with a miserable qualm of pity, that poor Aunt Sylvia was breaking her heart because Richard had stopped coming.

"It's harder for Aunt Sylvia, because she's older," thought Charlotte on her way home that night. But then she thought also, with a sour qualm of self-pity, that Sylvia had not quite so long life before her, to live alone. Charlotte had nearly reached her own home that night, when two figures suddenly slunk across the road before her. She at once recognized Rebecca Thayer as one of them, and called out, "Good-evening, Rebecca," to her.

Rebecca made only a muttered sound in response, and they both disappeared in the darkness. There was a look of secrecy and flight about it which somehow startled Charlotte, engrossed as she was with her own troubles, and her late encounter with Rose.

When she got into the house she spoke of it to her mother. Cephas had gone to bed, and Sarah was sitting up waiting for her.

"I met Rebecca and William out here," said she, untying her head, "and I thought they acted real queer." Sarah cast a glance at the bedroom door, which was ajar, and motioned Charlotte to close it. Charlotte tiptoed across the room, and shut the door softly, lest she should awaken her father, then her mother beckoned her to come close, and whispered something in her ear.

Charlotte started, and a great blush flamed out all over her face and neck. She looked at her mother with angry shame. "I don't believe a word of it," said she—"not a word of it."

"I walked home from meetin' with Mrs. Allen this evenin'," said her mother, "an' she says it's all over town. She says Rebecca's been stealin' out an' goin' to walk with him unbeknownst to her mother all summer. You know her mother wouldn't let him come to the house."

"I don't believe one word of it," repeated Charlotte.

"Mis' Allen says it's so," said Sarah. "She says Mis' Thayer has had to stay home from evenin' meetin' on account of Ephraim; she don't like to leave him alone; he 'ain't been quite so well lately; an' Rebecca has made believe go to meetin' when she's been off with William. Mis' Thayer went to meetin' to-night."

"Wasn't Mr. Thayer there?"

"Yes, he was there, but he wouldn't know what was goin' on. 'Tain't very hard to pull the wool over Caleb Thayer's eyes."

"I don't believe one word of it," Charlotte said again. When she went up stairs to bed that whisper of her mother's seemed to sound through and above all her own trouble. It was to her like a note of despair and shame, quite outside her own gamut of life. She could not believe that she heard it at all. Rebecca's face, as she had always known her, came up before her. "I don't believe one word of it," she said again to herself.

But that whisper which had shocked her ear had already begun to be repeated all over the village—by furtive matrons, behind their hands, when the children had been sent out of the room; by girls blushing beneath each other's eyes as they whispered; by the lounging men in the village store; it was sent like an evil strain through the consciousness of the village, until everybody except Rebecca's own family had heard it.

Barnabas saw little of other people, and nobody dared repeat the whisper to him, and they had too much mercy or too little courage to repeat it to Caleb or Deborah. Indeed, it is doubtful if any woman in the village, even Hannah Berry, would have ventured to face Deborah Thayer with this rumor concerning her daughter.

Deborah had of late felt anxious about Rebecca, who did not seem like herself. Her face was strangely changed; all the old meaning had gone out of it, and given place to another which her mother could not interpret. Sometimes Rebecca looked like a stranger to her as she moved about the house. She said to many that Rebecca was miserable, and was incensed that she got so little sympathy in response. Once when Rebecca fainted in meeting, and had to be carried out, she felt in the midst of her alarm a certain triumph. "I guess folks will see now that I 'ain't been fussin' over her for nothin'," she thought. When Rebecca revived under a sprinkle of water, out in the vestibule, she said, impatiently, to the other women bending their grave concerned faces over her: "She's been miserable for some time. I ain't surprised at this at all myself."

Deborah watched over Rebecca with a fierce, pecking tenderness, like a bird. She brewed great bowls of domestic medicines from nuts and herbs, and made her drink, whether she would or not. She sent her to bed early, and debarred her from the night air. She never had a suspicion of the figure slipping softly as a shadow across the north parlor, and out the front door, night after night.

She never exchanged a word with Rebecca about William Berry. She tried to persuade herself that Rebecca no longer thought much about him; she drove from her mind the fear lest Rebecca's illness might be due to grief at parting from him. She had looked at Thomas Payne with a speculative eye; she thought that he would make a good husband for Rebecca. She dreamed of him, and built bridal castles for him and her daughter, as she knitted those yards of lace at night, when Rebecca had gone to bed in her little room off the north parlor. When Thomas Payne went West, a month after Charlotte Barnard had refused him, she transferred her dreams to some fine stranger who should come to the village and at once be smitten with Rebecca. She never thought it possible that Rebecca could be persisting in her engagement to William Berry against her express command. Her own obstinacy was incredible to her in her daughter, she had not the slightest suspicion of it, and Rebecca had less to guard against.

As the fall advanced, Rebecca showed less and less inclination to go in the village society. Her mother fairly drove her out at times. Once Rebecca, utterly overcome, sank down in a chair and wept when her mother urged her to go to a husking party in the neighborhood.

"You've got to spunk up an' go, if you don't feel like it," declared her mother. "You'll feel better for it afterwards. There ain't no use in givin' up so. I'm goin' to get you a new crimson woollen dress, an' I'm goin' to have you go out more'n you've done lately."

"I—don't want a new dress," returned Rebecca, with wild sobs.

"Well, I'm goin' to get you one to-morrow," said her mother. "Now go an' wash your face an' do up your hair, an' get ready. You can wear your brown dress, with the cherry ribbon in your hair, to-night."

"I don't—feel fit to, mother," moaned Rebecca, piteously.

But Deborah would not listen to her. She made her get ready for the husking party, and looked at her with pride when she stood, all dressed to go, in the kitchen.

"You look better than you've done for some time," said she; "an' that brown dress don't look bad, either, if you have had it three winters. I'm goin' to get you a nice new crimson woollen this winter; I've had my mind made up to for some time."

After Rebecca had gone, and Ephraim had said his catechism and gone to bed, Deborah sat and knitted and planned to get the crimson dress for Rebecca the next day. She looked over at Caleb, who sat dozing by the fire.

"I'll go to-morrow, if he 'ain't got to spend all that last interest money for the parish taxes an' they cuttin' that wood," said she. "I dun'no' how much that wood-cuttin' come to, an' he won't know to-night if I wake him up. I can't get it through his head. But I'll buy it to-morrow, if there's money enough left."

But Deborah was forced to wait a few weeks, since it took all the interest money for the parish taxes and to pay for the wood-cutting. She had to wait until Caleb had sold some of the wood, and that took some time, since seller and purchasers were slow-motioned.

At last, one afternoon, she drove herself over to Bolton in the chaise to buy the dress. She went to Bolton because she would not go herself to Silas Berry's store and trade with William. She could send Caleb there for household goods, but this dress she would trust no one but herself to purchase.

She had planned that Rebecca should go with her, but the girl looked so utterly wan and despairing that day that she forbore to insist upon it. Caleb would have accompanied her, but she would not let him. "I never did think much of men-folks standin' round in stores gawpin' while womenfolks was tradin'," said she. She would not allow Ephraim to go, although he pleaded hard. It was quite a cold day, and she was afraid of the sharp air for his laboring breath.

A little after noon she set forth, all alone in the chaise, slapping the reins energetically over the white horse's back, a thick green veil tied over her bonnet under her chin, and the thin sharp wedge of face visible between the folds, crimsoning in the frosty wind.

While she was gone Rebecca sat beside the window and sewed. Caleb shelled corn in the chimney-corner, and Ephraim made a pretence of helping him. "You set down an' help your father shell corn while I am gone," his mother had sternly ordered.

Occasionally Ephraim addressed whining remonstrances to his father, and begged to be allowed to go out of doors, and Caleb would quiet him with one effectual rejoinder: "You know she won't like it if you do, sonny. You know what she said."

Caleb, as he shelled the corn with the pottering patience of old age and constitutional slowness, glanced now and then at his daughter in the window. He thought she looked very badly, and he had all the time lately the bewildered feeling of a child who sees in a familiar face the marks of emotions unknown to it.

"Don't you feel as well as common to-day, Rebecca?" he asked once, and cleared his throat.

"I don't feel sick, as I know of, any day," replied Rebecca, shortly, and her face reddened.

As she sewed she looked now and then at the wild December day, the trees reeling in the wind, and the sky driving with leaden clouds. It was too cold and too windy to snow all the afternoon, but toward night it moderated, and the wind died down. When Mrs. Thayer came home it was snowing quite hard, and her green veil was white when she entered the kitchen. She took it off and shook it, sputtering moisture in the fireplace.

"There's goin' to be a hard storm; it's lucky I went to-day," said she. "I kept the dress under the buffalo-robe, an' that ain't hurt any."

Deborah waxed quite angry when she proudly shook out the soft gleaming crimson lengths of thibet, because Rebecca showed so little interest in it. "You don't deserve to have a new dress; you act like a stick of wood," she said.

Rebecca made no reply. Presently, when she had gone out of the room for something, Caleb said, anxiously, "I guess she don't feel quite so well as common to-night."

"I'm gettin' 'most out of patience; I dun'no' what ails her. I'm goin' to have the doctor if this keeps on," returned Deborah.

Ephraim, sucking a stick of candy brought to him from Bolton, cast a strange glance at his mother—a glance compounded of shrewdness and terror; but she did not see it.

It snowed hard all night; in the morning the snow was quite deep, and there was no appearance of clearing. As soon as the breakfast dishes were put away, Deborah got out the crimson thibet. She had learned the tailoring and dress-making trade in her youth, and she always cut and fitted the garments for the family.

She worked assiduously, and by the middle of the forenoon the dress was ready to be tried on. Ephraim and his father were out in the barn; she and Rebecca were alone in the house.

She made Rebecca stand up in the middle of the kitchen floor, and she began fitting the crimson gown to her. Rebecca stood drooping heavily, her eyes cast down. Suddenly her mother gave a great start, pushed the girl violently from her, and stood aloof. She did not speak for a few minutes; the clock ticked in the dreadful silence. Rebecca cast one glance at her mother, whose eyes seemed to light the innermost recesses of her being to her own vision; then she would have looked away, but her mother's voice arrested her.

"Look at me," said Deborah. And Rebecca looked. It was like uncovering a disfigurement or a sore.

"What—ails you?" said her mother, in a terrible voice.

Then Rebecca turned her head; her mother's eyes could not hold her any longer. It was as if her very soul shrank.

"Go out of this house," said her mother, after a minute.

Rebecca did not make a sound. She went, bending as if there were a wind at her back impelling her across the kitchen, in her quilted petticoat and her crimson thibet waist, her white arms hanging bare. She opened the door that led toward her own bedroom, and passed out.

Presently Deborah, still standing where Rebecca had left her, heard the front door of the house shut. After a few minutes she took the broom from its peg in the corner, went through the icy north parlor, past Rebecca's room, to the front door. The snow heaped on the outer threshold had fallen in when Rebecca opened it, and there was a quantity on the entry floor.

Deborah opened the door again, and swept out the snow carefully; she even swept the snow off the steps outside; but she never cast a glance up or down the road. Then she beat the snow off the broom, and went in and locked the door behind her.

On her way back to the kitchen she paused at Rebecca's little bedroom. The waist of the new gown lay on the bed. She took it out into the kitchen, and folded it carefully with the skirt and the pieces; then she carried it up to the garret and laid it away in a chest.

When Caleb and Ephraim came in from the barn they found Deborah sitting at the window knitting a stocking. She did not look up when they entered.

The corn was not yet shelled, and Caleb arranged his baskets in the chimney-corner, and fell to again. Ephraim began teasing his mother to let him crack some nuts, but she silenced him peremptorily. "Set down, an' help your father shell that corn," said she. And Ephraim pulled a grating chair up to his father, muttering cautiously.

Caleb kept looking at Deborah anxiously. He glanced at the door frequently.

"Where's Rebecca?" he asked at last.

"I dun'no'," replied Deborah.

"Has she laid down?"

"No, she 'ain't."

"She 'ain't gone out in the snow, has she?" Caleb said, with deprecating anxiety.

Deborah answered not a word. She pursed her lips and knitted.

"She 'ain't, has she, mother?"

"Keep on with your corn," said Deborah; and that was all she would say.

Presently she arose and prepared dinner in the same dogged silence. Caleb, and even Ephraim, watched her furtively with alarmed eyes.

When Rebecca did not appear at the dinner table Caleb did not say anything about it, but his old face was quite pale. He ate his dinner, from the force of habit of over seventy years, during which time he had always eaten his dinner, but he did not taste it consciously.

He made up his mind that as soon as he got up from the table he would go over to Barney's and consult him. After he pushed his chair away he was slipping out slyly, but Deborah stopped him.

"Set down an' finish that corn. I don't want it clutterin' up the kitchen any longer," said she.

"I thought I'd jest slip out a minute, mother."

Deborah motioned him toward the chimney-corner and the baskets of corn with a stern gesture, and Caleb obeyed. Ephraim, too, settled down beside his father and fell to shelling corn without being told. He was quite cowed and intimidated by this strange mood of his mother's, and involuntarily shrank closer to his father when she passed near him.

Caleb and Ephraim both watched Deborah with furtive terror as she moved about, washing and putting away the dinner dishes and sweeping the kitchen.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1983.

"'WHERE IS REBECCA?' SAID BARNEY."

They looked at each other when, after the after-dinner house-work was all done, she took her shawl and hood from the peg, and drew some old wool socks of Caleb's over her shoes. She went out without saying a word. Ephraim waited a few minutes after the door shut behind her, then he ran to the window.

"She's gone to Barney's," he announced, rolling great eyes over his shoulder at his father; and the old man also went over to the window, and watched Deborah plodding through the snow up the street.

It was not snowing so hard now, and the clouds were breaking, but a bitter wind was blowing from the northwest. It drove Deborah along before it, lashing her skirts around her gaunt limbs, but she leaned back upon it, and did not bend.

The road was not broken out, and the snow was quite deep, but she went along with no break in her gait. She went into Barney's yard and knocked at his door. She set her mouth harder when she heard him coming.

Barney opened the door, and started when he saw who was there. "Is it you, mother?" he said, involuntarily, then his face hardened like hers, and he waited. The mother and son confronting each other looked more alike than ever.

Deborah opened her mouth twice to speak before she made a sound. She stood upright and unyielding, but her face was ghastly, and she drew her breath in long husky gasps. Finally she spoke, and Barney started again at her voice.

"I want you to go after William Berry, and make him marry Rebecca," she said.

"Mother, what do you mean?"

"I want you to go after William Berry, and make him marry Rebecca."

"Mother!"

"Rebecca is gone. I turned her out of the house this mornin'. I don't know where she is. Go and find her, and make William Berry marry her."

"Mother, before the Lord, I don't know what you mean," Barney cried out. "You didn't turn Rebecca out of the house in all this storm? What did you turn her out for? Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is. I turned her out because I wouldn't have her in the house. You brought it all on us; if you hadn't acted so I shouldn't have felt as I did about her marryin'. Now you can go an' find her, and get William Berry, an' make him marry her. I 'ain't got anything more to do with it." Deborah turned, and went out of the yard.

"Mother!" Barney called after her, but she kept on. He stood for a second looking after her retreating figure struggling sternly with the snow-drifts, meeting the buffets of the wind with her head up, then he went in and put on his boots and his overcoat.

Barney had heard not one word of the village gossip, and the revelation in his mother's words had come to him with a great shock. As he went up the hill to the old tavern he could hardly believe that he had understood her rightly. Once he paused and turned, and was half inclined to go back. He was as pure-minded as a girl, and almost as ignorant; he could not believe that he knew what she meant.

Barney hesitated again before the store; then he opened the great clanging door and went in. A farmer in a blue frock stiff with snow had just completed his purchases, and was going out. William, who had been waiting upon him, was quite near the door, behind the counter. At the further end of the store could be seen the red glow of a stove, and Tommy Ray's glistening fair head. Some one else, who had shrunk out of sight when Barney entered, was also there.

Barney saw no one but William. He looked at him, and all his bewilderment gathered itself into a point. He felt a sudden fierce impulse to spring at him.

William looked at Barney, and his face changed in a minute. He took up his hat, and came around the counter. "Did you want to see me?" he said, hoarsely.

"Come outside," said Barney. And the two men went out and stood in the snow before the store.

"Where is Rebecca?" said Barney. He looked at William, and again the savage impulse seized him. William did not shrink before it.

"What do you mean?" he returned. His lips were quite stiff and white, but he looked back at Barney.

"Don't you know where she is?"

"Before God, I don't, Barney. What do you mean?"

"She left home this morning. Mother turned her out."

"Turned her out!" repeated William.

"Come with me and find her, and marry her, or I'll kill you," said Barney, and he lashed out suddenly with his fist in William's face.

"You won't need to, for I'll kill myself if I don't," William gasped out. Then he turned and ran.

"Where are you going?" Barney shouted, rushing after him in a fury.

"To put the horse in the cutter," William called back. And, indeed, he was headed toward the barn. Barney followed him, and the two men put the horse between the shafts. Once William asked, hoarsely, "Any idea which way?" and Barney shook his head.

"What time did she go?"

"Some time this forenoon."

William groaned.

The horse was nearly harnessed, when Tommy Ray came running out from the store and beckoned to Barney. "Rose says she see her going up the turnpike this morning," he said, in a low voice. "She was up in her chamber, that looks over the turnpike, and she see somebody goin' up the turnpike. She thought it looked like Rebecca, but she supposed it must be Mis' Jim Sloane. It must have been Rebecca."

"What time was it?" William asked, thrusting his white face between them.

The boy turned aside with a gesture of contempt and dislike. "About half past ten," he answered, shortly. Then he turned on his heel and went back to the store. Rose was peering around the half-open door with a white shocked face. Somehow she had fathomed the cause of the excitement.

"We'll go up the turnpike, then," said Barney. William nodded. The two men sprang into the cutter, and the snow flew in their faces from the horse's hoofs as they went out the barn door.

The old tavern stood facing the old turnpike road to Boston, but the store and barn faced on the new road at its back, and people generally approached the tavern by that way.

William and Barney had to drive down the hill, then turn the corner, and up the hill again on the old turnpike.

There was not a house on that road for a full mile. William urged the horse as fast as he could through the fresh snow. Both men kept a sharp lookout at the sides of the road. The sun was out now, and the snow was blinding white; the north wind drove a glittering spray as sharp and stinging as diamond dust in their faces.

Once William cried out, with a dry sob, "My God, she'll freeze in this wind, if she's out in it!"

And Barney answered, "Maybe it would be better for her if she did."

William looked at him for the first time since they started. "See here, Barney," he said, "God knows it's not to shield myself; I'm past that; but I've begged her all summer to be married. I've been down on my knees to her to be married before it came to this."

"Why wouldn't she?"

"I don't know; oh, I don't know! The poor girl was near distracted. Her mother forbade her to marry me, and held up her Aunt Rebecca, who married against her parents' wishes, and hung herself, before her all the time. Your trouble with Charlotte Barnard brought it all about. Her mother never opposed it before. I begged her to marry me, but she was afraid, or something; I don't know what."

"Can't you drive faster?" said Barney.

William had been urging the horse while he spoke, but now he shook the whip over him again.

Mrs. Jim Sloane's house was a long unpainted cottage quite near the road. The woman who lived alone there was under a kind of indefinite ban in the village. Her husband, who had died several years before, had been disreputable and drunken, and the mantle of his disgrace had seemed to fall upon his wife, if, indeed, she was not already provided with such a mantle of her own. Everybody spoke slightingly of Mrs. Jim Sloane. The men laughed meaningly when they saw her pass, wrapped in an old blue plaid shawl, which she wore summer and winter, and which seemed almost like a uniform. Stories were told of her dirt and shiftlessness—of the hens that roosted in her kitchen. Poor Mrs. Jim Sloane, in her blue plaid shawl, tramping frequently from her solitary house through the village, was a byword and a mocking to all the people.

When William and Barney came abreast of her house they saw the blue flutter of Mrs. Jim Sloane's shawl out before, above the blue dazzle of the snow.

"Hullo!" she was crying out in her shrill voice, and waving her hand to them to stop.

William pulled the horse up short, and the woman came plunging through the snow close to his side.

"She's in here," she said, with a knowing smile. The faded fair hair blew over her eyes; she pushed it back with a coquettish gesture. There was a battered prettiness about her thin pink and white face, turning blue in the sharp wind.

"When did she get here?" asked Barney.

"This forenoon. She fell down out here; couldn't get no farther. I came out an' got her into the house. Didn't know but she was done to, but I fixed her up some hot drink an' made her lay down. I s'posed you'd be along." She smiled again.

William jumped out of the cutter, and tied the horse to an old fence-post. Then he and Barney followed the woman into the house. Barney looked at the old blue plaid shawl with utter disgust and revulsion. He had always felt a loathing for the woman, and her being a distant relative on his father's side intensified it.

Mrs. Sloane threw open the door, and bade them enter, as if to a festival. "Walk right in," said she.

There was a wild flutter of hens as they entered. Mrs. Sloane drove them before her. "The hen-house roof fell in, an' I have to keep 'em in here," she said, and shooed them

BEHIND A PAWNBROKER'S COUNTER.—Drawn from Life by Paul Rénouard.—[See Page 230.]

and shook her shawl at them, until they alighted, all croaking with terror, upon the bed in the corner.

Then she looked inquiringly around the room. "Why," she cried, "she's gone! She was settin' here in this rockin'-chair when I went out. She must have run when she see you comin'."

Mrs. Sloane hustled through a door, the tattered fringes of her shawl flying, and then her voice, shrilly expostulating, was heard in the next room.

The two men waited, standing side by side near the door, in a shamed silence. They did not look at each other.

Presently Mrs. Sloane returned without her shawl. Her old cotton gown showed tattered and patched, and there were glimpses of her sharp white elbows at the sleeves. "She won't come out a step," she announced. "I can't make her. She's takin' on terribly."

William made a stride forward. "I'll go in and see her," he said, hoarsely; but Mrs. Jim Sloane stood suddenly in his way, her slender back against the door.

"No, you ain't goin' in," said she. "I told her I wouldn't let you go in."

William looked at her.

"She's dreadful set against either one of you comin' in, an' I told her you shouldn't," she said, firmly. She smoothed her wild locks down tightly over her ears as she spoke. All the coquettish look was gone.

William turned around and looked helplessly at Barney, and Barney looked back at him. Then Barney put on his hat and shrugged himself more closely into his great-coat.

"I'll go and get the minister," he said.

Mrs. Sloane thrust her chin out alertly. "Goin' to get her married right off?" she asked, with a confidential smile.

Barney ignored her. "I guess it's the best way to do," he said, sternly, to William, and William nodded.

"Well, I guess 'tis the best way," Mrs. Sloane said, with cheerful assent. "I don't b'lieve you could hire her to come out of that room an' go to the minister's, nohow. She's terrible upset, poor thing."

As Barney went out of the door he cast a look full of involuntary suspicion back at William, and hesitated a second on the threshold. Mrs. Sloane intercepted the look. "I'll look out he don't run away whilst you're gone," she said; then she laughed.

William's white face flamed up suddenly, but he made no reply. When Barney had gone he drew a chair up close to the hearth, and sat there bent over, with his elbows on his knees. Mrs. Sloane sat down on the foot of the bed close to the door of the other room, as if she were mounting guard over it. She kept looking at William and smiling, and opening her mouth to speak, then checking herself.

"It's a pretty cold day," she said, finally.

William grunted assent without looking up. Then he motioned with his shoulder toward the door of the other room. "Ain't it cold in there?" he half whispered.

"I rolled her all up in my shawl; I guess she won't ketch cold. It's thick," responded the woman, effusively, and William said no more. He sat with his chin in his hands, and his eyes fixed absently. The fire was smoking over a low red glow of coals; the chimney-place yawned black before him, the hearth was all strewn with pots and kettles, and the shelf above it was piled high with a vague household litter. It had leaked around the chimney, and there was a great discolored blotch on the wall, above the shelf, and the ceiling. Two or three hens came pecking around the kettles at William's feet.

To this young man, brought up in the extreme thrift and neatness of a typical New England household, this strange untidiness, as he viewed it through his strained mental state, seemed to have a deeper significance, and reveal the very shame and squalor of the soul itself, and its own existence and thoughts, by material images.

He might, from his own sensations as he sat there, have been actually translated into a veritable hell, from the utter strangeness of the atmosphere which his thoughts seemed to gasp in. William had never come fully into the atmosphere of his own sin before, but now he had, and somehow the untidy pots and kettles on the hearth made it more real. He was conscious, as he sat there, of very little pity for the girl in the other room, of very little love for her, and also of very little love or pity for himself; he felt nothing but a kind of horror. He saw suddenly the alien side of life, and the alien side of his own self, which he would always have kept faced out toward space, away from all eyes, like the other side of the moon, and that was, for the time, all he could grasp.

Once or twice Mrs. Sloane volunteered a remark; but he scarcely responded, and he heard absently her voice and Rebecca's. Otherwise he sat in utter silence, except for the low chuckle of the hens and the taps of their beaks against the iron pots, until Barney came with the minister and the minister's wife.

Barney had taken the minister aside, and asked him, stammeringly, if he thought his wife would come. He could not bear the thought of the Sloane woman's being a witness at his sister's wedding. The minister and his wife were both very young, and had not lived long in Pembroke. They looked much alike. The minister's small, pale, peaked face peered with anxious solicitude between the folds of the great green scarf which he tied over his cap; and his wife looked like him out of her great wadded green silk hood when they got into the sleigh with Barney.

The minister had had a whispered conference with his wife, and now she never once let her eyes rest on either of the two men as they slid swiftly along over the new snow. Her heart beat loudly in her ears; her little thin hands were cold in her great muff. She had married very young, out of a godly New England minister's home. She had never known anything like this before, and a sort of general shame of feminity seemed to be upon her.

When she followed her husband into Mrs. Sloane's house she felt herself as burdened with shame as if she stood in Rebecca's place. Her little face, all blue with the sharp cold, shrank, shocked and sober, into the depths of her great hood. She stood behind her husband, her narrow girlish shoulders bending under her thick mantilla, and never looked at the face of anybody in the room.

She did not see William at all. He stood up before them as they entered; they all nodded gravely. Nobody spoke but Mrs. Sloane, vibrating nervously in the midst of her clamorous hens, and Barney silenced her.

"We'll go right in," he said, in a stern peremptory tone. Then he turned to William. "Are you ready?" he asked.

William nodded, with his eyes cast down. The party made a motion toward the other room, but Mrs. Sloane unexpectedly stood before the door.

"I told her there shouldn't nobody come in," said she, "an' I ain't goin' to have you all bu'stin' in on her without she knows it. She's terrible upset. You wait a minute."

Mrs. Sloane's blue eyes glared defiantly at the company. The minister's wife bent her hooded head lower. She had heard about Mrs. Sloane, and felt as if she were confronted by a woman from Revelation, and there was a flash of scarlet in the room.

"Go in and tell her we are coming," said Barney.

And Mrs. Sloane slipped out of the room cautiously, opening the door only a little way. Her voice was heard, and suddenly Rebecca's rang out shrill in response, although they could not distinguish the words. Mrs. Sloane looked out.

"She says she won't be married," she whispered.

"You let me see her," said Barney, and he took a stride forward, but Mrs. Sloane held the door against him.

"You won't," she whispered again; "I'll talk to her some more. I can talk her over, if anybody can."

Barney fell back, and again the door was shut and the voices were heard. This time Rebecca's arose into a wail, and they heard her cry out: "I won't! I won't! Go away, and stop talking to me! I won't! Go away!"

William turned around and hid his face against the corner of the mantel-shelf. Barney went up and clapped him roughly on the shoulder.

"Can't you go in there and make her listen to reason?" he said.

But just then Mrs. Sloane opened the door again. "You can walk right in now," she announced, smiling, her thin mouth sending the lines of her whole face into smirking upward curves.

The whole company edged forward solemnly. Mrs. Sloane was following, but Barney stood in her way. "I guess you'd better not come in," he said, abruptly.

Mrs. Sloane's face flushed a burning red. "I guess—" she began, in a loud voice, but Barney shut the door in her face. She ran noisily, stamping her feet like an angry child, to the fireplace, caught up a heavy kettle, and threw it down on the hearth. The hens flew up with a great clamor and whir of wings; Mrs. Sloane's shrill, mocking laugh arose above it. She began talking in a high-pitched voice, flinging out vituperations, which would seem to patter against the closed door like bullets. Suddenly she stopped, as if her ire had failed her, and listened intently to a low murmur from the other room. She nodded her head when it ceased. The door opened soon, and all except Rebecca came out. They stood consulting together in low voices, and Mrs. Sloane listened. They were deciding where to take Rebecca.

All at once Mrs. Sloane spoke. Her voice was still high-pitched with anger.

"If you want to know where to take her to, I can tell you," said she. "I'd keep her here an' welcome, but I s'pose you think I ain't good enough, you're all such mighty particular folks, an' 'ain't never had no disgrace in your own families. William Berry can't take her to his home to-night, for his mother wouldn't leave a whole skin on either of 'em. Her own mother has turned her out, an' Barney can't take her in. She's got to go somewhere where there's a woman; she's terrible upset. There ain't no other way but for you an' Mis' Barnes to take her home to-night, an' keep her till William gets a place fixed to put her in." Mrs. Sloane turned to the minister and his wife, regarding them with a mixture of defiance, sarcasm, and appeal.

They looked at each other hesitatingly. The minister's wife paled within her hood, and her eyes reddened with tears.

"I shouldn't s'pose you'd need any time to think on it, such good folks as you be," said Mrs. Sloane. "There ain't no other way. She's got to be where there's a woman."

Mrs. Barnes turned her head toward her husband. "She can come, if you think she ought to," she said, in a trembling voice.

The sun was setting when the party started. William led Rebecca out through the kitchen, a muffled, hesitating figure, whose very identity seemed to be lost, for she wore Mrs. Sloane's blue plaid shawl pinned closely over her head and face, and lifted her into his cutter with the minister and his wife. Then he and Barney walked along, plodding through the deep snow, behind the cutter. The sun was setting, and it was bitterly cold; the snow creaked, and the trees swung with a stiff rattle of bare limbs in the wind.

The two men never spoke to each other. The minister drove slowly, and they could always see Mrs. Jim Sloane's blue plaid shawl ahead.

When they reached the Caleb Thayer house Barney stopped, and William followed on alone after the sleigh.

Barney turned into the yard, and his father was standing in the barn door looking out.

"Tell mother she's married," Barney sang out, hoarsely. Then he went back to the road and home to his own house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PAWNBROKER'S VISITORS.

THERE are aristocracies even in poverty and in shame. The beggar of the uptown shopping district flouts his humbler brother of the east side; the outcast of the Tenderloin would deem it degradation to be classed with the sisterhood of the Bowery. No doubt these fine distinctions are real enough to them, although they are far too subtle to impress the general eye, and perhaps the philosopher may even see in them a certain restraining moral force. It needs, however, no philosopher to tell us the saving grace which lies behind the shamed and averted face of honest poverty. Unhappily we are not always and in all ways tenderly considerate of it. Our democracy upbuilds sturdy manhood, but it is often vexatious to the proud, and to the sensitive cruel in its rough-handed levellings and its failure to differentiate a blameless want from the want of blame.

We must, for instance, go elsewhere than among American pawnbrokers if we would seek for the embodiment of such a scene as that pictured elsewhere. Perhaps only in a country where class and social lines are broadly drawn and rigidly maintained, where my lady may find it convenient to pledge her court jewels, and his grace be under the necessity of extracting a loan from the family plate, would it be found convenient or even practicable for the pawnbroker to maintain booths whence his customers may exploit their poverty without exposing themselves to the gaze and the derision of the vulgar. In this land the private box is unknown outside the theatre, where its mission is not to hide, but to display. Misery, if it does not love company, must perforce endure it, and the pawnbroker's visitors are all members of one great unhappy family across whose brows necessity has written the doom of pride.

An hour spent in any one of the big pawnbroking shops of the metropolis would be full freighted with thought for the imaginative or contemplative mortal. In some of them all sorts and conditions of humanity may be seen at certain hours—all sorts but the criminal; for the pawnbroker is by nature and training a keen and quick judge of character as well as of things. The tyro in crime may impose upon him now and again; the chronically dishonest never. For sin inevitably and relentlessly marks its votaries for punishment. An indefinable something, impalpable, intangible, stamps itself upon his features, invisible to the general, but from the learned never to be concealed. Misfortune treads upon the heels of folly in these places, and brazen impudence waits cheek by jowl with shame. Nor is there any lack of comedy now and again to enliven the dull gloom of tragedy which chokes and stifles the very atmosphere.

Alas! even the comedy is full of tears and of heart-breaks. The rawboned country lad, awkward, shy, and stammering, who unwraps his treasured violin, and pushes it forward with hardly voice enough to tell his wants, is a droll enough figure to stir the ribald laughter of the "regulars." But what a death of buoyant hopes and high ambitions must not this parting mean; how rude an awakening from pleasant dreams; how eloquent a tale of silent suffering and of want! But at once more comical and more pitiful is the sophistication of the laughter—the only too numerous company, who nod familiarly to the clerk as to an old acquaintance, and haggle with him as to the price; who know to a fraction the sum which should be allowed upon a given article, and exact the utmost farthing. For the pawnbroker no less truly than other mortals knows the meaning of competition, and yields obedience to its commands. Pitiful it is to watch these chaffering ones, and think upon the price in thrift and in industry that must have been paid for their knowledge and their boldness. Every pawnbroker knows such people; there are many of them—people who constantly anticipate their incomes, who take from shop to shop articles of household use or personal wear in order that they may purchase this day's pleasure with to-morrow's need, and who redeem this pledge only to plight it again whenever a present whim is to be satisfied or a past gratification to be paid for. When reverses come, when illness or business depression fastens its fingers upon the wage-earner, these are the people whose sorrows cry loudest for redress, and whose baskets open widest before the charitable. Their number is legion this winter in New York, and their labelled bundles gather unwonted dust on pawnbrokers' shelves.

Upon such as these the dweller beneath the heraldic device of the Lombards have little pity to expend. Behind the immoble mask of the pawnbroker's face there often beats a sympathetic pulse; but the blood does not stir more quickly for these. Could, however, the senseless be given voice they would often be heard to bear witness to that divine pity, even in the pawnbroker's bosom, that makes men noble because it is generous before it is just. And, indeed, he would be less than human who could remain simply just before some of the pawnbroker's visitors—the young wife who, parting from everything else, draws now her wedding-ring from her trembling finger; the shivering mechanic, hungry-eyed and wistful, who pawns the tools of his trade, well knowing that should the long-sought-for work come to him at last he could not take it once these implements haye left his hands; the mother who opens a bundle of tiny baby-clothes—a baby long dead—and kisses them passionately ere she parts from them, and wets them with her tears, as she had often wet them before when nobody was by to see. In the presence of these the tears of the unwonted spectator, too, will fall; the shopman, though he has abated nothing of the brusqueness of his voice and manner, has often dismissed his customer with a sum which barely turns his own profit into a loss.

It is the great army of the shiftless and the weak who make the pawnbroker's gain, and the greater army of the merely temporarily embarrassed. The proverbial youth who pawns his overcoat or his watch to pay his gambling debts, or that he may still dine at a better restaurant than he can afford, and the actor who pledges his theatre trunks after a season's steady employment, are not fictions. There is many a fashionably dressed young man in New York to-day who wears a showy chain showily displayed upon his waistcoat of whom it would not be prudent to ask the time of day. He is a frequent caller upon his "uncle," and if he pays roundly for the privilege the world scarcely needs to weep. Like him, perhaps his abettor in folly, is the fur-clad young woman, dubious alike in complexion and in character, upon whom hard times have fallen, and who pledges first her jewels, then the ornaments of her apartment, and next her clothing, the outer garments, one may be certain, being always the last to go. Upon these and their kindred the pawnbroker waxes fat, and for them he shows no pity. Their necessity is his opportunity, and he improves it to the full. One is conscious of more complex and less readily solvable emotions as he sees shuffling up to the counter a drink-sodden man or a defiant woman, and depositing there a paltry bit of household furniture. These people rarely dispute about the price, but eagerly reach for whatever is offered. We know only too well how it will be spent. We can imagine the misery of the garret which has thus been robbed to satisfy the demon of alcohol—the hunger of children, the wan faces of mothers, the cold, the raggedness, and the squalor. Perhaps it is the truest if an unmeant charity which doles out a pitiful recompense for these mute mockeries of the home, and so makes less hopeless their redemption.

The pawnbroker has been labelled with that bad name which, in the case of the dog, is popularly understood to be as cruel as the doom of death; and no doubt it is often only too richly deserved. A business which seeks to make profit from the wretchedness or the follies of humanity, though it may be honorable enough and even helpful, is not calculated to keep alive and active the tender emotions of pity and sympathy. The very necessity for gain must harden the heart, and the daily familiarity with deceit must make the process of induration at once rapid and easy. But the pawnbroker is not infrequently the poor man's best and only friend, and not always a wholly selfish one. The risks incurred are many, the law's exactions strenuous, and there is often a vast gulf between the sentimental and the commercial value of the articles brought to his board. Poverty, it is to be fancied, suffers less from the pawnbroker's greed, on the whole, than from the necessity which exists that it shall atone for the misdeeds of vice. The enormous interest demanded is thus an interest enforced by the situation; and the only remedy probably lies in the institution of some system which shall separate the honest from the shiftless poor. That is a work which has been hopefully undertaken in Europe, and is now being courageously grappled with by gentlemen of large heart and abundant means in New York. There is in it the promise of help for the worthy poor, and of adequate recompense for the promoters, and its outcome will be watched with sympathetic interest by every person of kindly nature.

CHARLES MARTYN PRYNNE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Bishop of Massachusetts has been upheld by the Boston Board of Health in his right to keep three horses in a stable in the rear of his hired house on Commonwealth Avenue. Some of his neighbors said the stable was a nuisance, and went to the Board of Health about it. The Bishop argued the case in person before the board, and showed, "quite conclusively," the *Transcript* says, that the stable was not really the nuisance that it was made out to be. He won his case, not apparently by convincing the board, but on an affidavit that the permit under which the stable was built, twenty years ago, authorized three horses to be kept in it, so that the board had no authority to interfere.

A bishop should always have right on his side, and Bishop Lawrence is to be congratulated on occupying a position where the law cannot touch him. Whether he is equally impregnable from the gospel stand-point is another question, and has not yet been argued. The Scripture (1 Timothy, iii., 2 *et seq.*) lays it down that a bishop must be the husband of one wife, but it nowhere prescribes whether he shall have horses, or how many. He must be blameless, of good behavior, no striker, patient, not a brawler, and must have a good report of them without. But, on the other hand, he must be vigilant, apt to teach, one that ruleth well his own house, and not a novice, or, as they say in New Hampshire, "nobody's fool." Whether Bishop Lawrence can better meet these complicated requirements by keeping his horses in his stable, or by turning them out, has doubtless already become a subject for his prayerful consideration; as also whether or not the injunction to "go with him twain" bears on the case, and whether the command to "let him have thy cloak also" does not bind him to replace his equine establishment with a cologne factory.

It does not really bear upon the ethics of the case, but it is worth mentioning that some of the horsiest of the dwellers on the Back Bay find it cheaper and more satisfactory to job out their carriage business, and keep their riding-horses and pet family quadrupeds at their country homes.

It is shocking to read that the supervisors of Queens County, Long Island, have offered a bounty of five dollars for every fox caught in their realm, and have imposed a fine of two hundred dollars for turning any wild animal loose. It would appear from their action that the hunt clubs and coursing clubs on Long Island have not succeeded hitherto in making themselves indispensable to their country neighbors. The market gardener abounds in Queens County, and he does not like rabbits. The poultryman is there too, and objects to foxes. If the indigenous Long-Islander could be made to see a bigger profit in foxes than in hens, and more money in rabbits than in cabbages, doubtless he would turn to and raise foxes and rabbits forthwith. It remains to be seen whether the Meadowbrook Hunt Club and the other Queens County sporting aggregations possess a sufficient grasp of the practical considerations of life to produce any modification of their neighbors' views. Surely no farmer should be compelled to go to his supervisors for relief against foxes when the treasurer of a hunt club lives within reach.

An interest that is almost mythological attaches to the account of the marriage of Mr. Baillie of Dochfour and the Honorable Nellie Bass, as set forth in the London papers of February 1st. The Honorable Nellie is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Burton, of Burton-on-Trent. The marriage was in London, and everything about it was triple X. There were ten bridemaids, and the list of the distinguished company present included a duchess, a marchesa, earls and countesses galore, and lesser eminents by the gross. Royalty sent gifts, so did Bass & Co.'s staff at Burton, the staff at London, the tradesmen at Burton, the workmen at Burton, the "cooperage and middle-yard" at Burton, and the licensed victuallers at Burton. The river Trent must have run beer that day, and one instinctively turns back to the list of guests to see whether Silenus and Gambrinus were there, and what they sent.

"It is clear," says President Eliot, in his recent report, "that extravagant training in athletics is not compatible with the conditions for the best intellectual work." Yes, that is clear, of course, as it also is that extravagant mental training does not produce the best intellectual work. Extravagant training of any sort should be restricted. But in the restriction it should always be remembered that what is one man's poison may be another man's meat, and that the athletic training which would absorb one man's nervous energies to the detriment of his intellectual side may be merely sufficient to arouse the faculties of another man, his intellectual faculties among the rest. If a man's mind is acute and active and works him hard, just enough exercise to keep him in condition may be all that he needs. But if his mind is sluggish and his physical man oppresses him, a course of thorough athletic training may stir every faculty he has into fuller and more eager life. If by limiting a man's physical labor one could be sure to divert all the energy thus saved into intellectual force, the problem of college athletics would be much more simple than it is—would be as simple, indeed, as some of the critics of intercollegiate sports seem to regard it.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who writes two long letters about the Canadian Northwest, says, among other things, that, speaking broadly, the young Englishman of the better classes who is sent out to the Northwest to be a farmer is not a success. English public-school life, he thinks, makes good soldiers or sailors, but poor farmers; for in farming it is not spirit and dash that count, but the steady pull. Thus the education of public-school lads is in some respects a hinderance to them as farmers; and, besides that, the quarterly remittances which most of them get are a positive injury. A good many of them recognize that, and stop other work as soon as their remittance comes, and promptly drink it all up, so as to have it out of the way. The correspondent thinks that if the "remittance-men" are to be sent to Canada the extra ladies in their families should come along too, to exercise their better influence over them. "They will be as well employed," he says, "as in slumming or parish work at home, and they will be giving what the Northwest wants—something of England's best to leaven social life. One never meets in the West an English woman who is not a centre of wholesome and refining influence. It would, indeed, be a boon to the country if the same were true of every son of an English gentleman who goes to it."

Reiterating his complaint against English public-school education, the correspondent says (it will rejoice the *Evening Post* to hear him) that "it creates a very strong desire to mingle sport with work in after-life, and often with the prominence, on the whole, given to sport. Conditions in the Northwest will not at present admit of thus mingling employment. It is the persistent worker who succeeds there."

Any American who aspires to live so that his birthday will be publicly remembered will do well to choose some other month than February to be born in. The title of George Washington to that month is so generally honored that it is hard for a lesser man to establish a claim to any part of it. Even Lincoln's birthday gets less consideration than it would otherwise have because it falls in February, and too near the 22d.

The birthday of Mr. George William Curtis labors under a still more disadvantageous proximity. It did not fall, like Mr. Lowell's, plumb on the 22d, but it did fall on the 24th, which, in some respects, is even worse. But that does not hinder its observance by Mr. Curtis's near friends and neighbors, who desire that in his old home at least his memory shall be kept perennially green. It is intended that at the Staten Island Academy, a school to which Mr Curtis was a great and valued friend, his birthday shall be celebrated every year. The principal feature of the celebration this year was an address in the academy hall at Stapleton by Mr. William Winter, President of the Board of Trustees of the academy, wherein he recalled eloquently the purity and exalted quality of Mr. Curtis's life, and dwelt upon the practical usefulness of his example.

About four thousand francs has been raised to establish the little hospital for sick foreign travellers which it has been proposed to attach to the American Presbyterian Mission at Tabreez, Persia, in memory of the late Theodore Child. It will be remembered that when Mr. Child fell ill of cholera he was taken in at the mission at Tabreez, and nursed there for several weeks. He died of a relapse after leaving there. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which has the scheme of the proposed memorial under consideration, hopes that the fund for it will be still further increased. The land for the proposed room has already been secured, a matter of some difficulty, because of the unfavorable attitude of the Persian (Mohammedan) government to Christian work.

E. S. Martin.

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCE.

While the National Educational Association invariably holds its annual meeting in July, its most important department, that of Superintendence, has for many years past met in February. This winter meeting is one of the most important educational gatherings that takes place, and to it come State, county, and city superintendents of schools by the hundred, and special students of education and professors of pedagogy by the score. Before this department the movements for manual training and for secondary school reform were begun in 1888, and no year passes without the meeting producing a paper or discussion of great importance.

This year the department met at Richmond, Virginia, from February 19th to 23d. Great interest was manifested in the meeting, not only because of the unusual excellence of the programme, but because for the first time in its history the department was to meet south of Washington. The attendance was very large and very representative. The South was particularly well represented. Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida, Virginia, and other Southern States sent their chief educational officers and many of their subordinates. Every large city in the North (except New York, as usual) sent its superintendent of schools, and others holding less conspicuous positions were present by the hundred.

The topics that excited the most interest and provoked the liveliest discussion were (1) the lessons to be learned from European educational experience, (2) the report of the Committee of Ten on secondary school studies, (3) the universities and the teaching profession, and (4) the South and its problems. All of these were presented with ability and eloquence by speakers of national reputation, and, as a rule, the general discussions that followed were in good temper and well sustained. No fact stood out more prominently than that the report of the Committee of Ten, already fully described in Harper's Weekly (No. 1934, January 13, 1894), commands the admiration and approval of the vast majority of educational leaders. It was pointed to as a sign of our ability to undertake the solution of grave educational problems without falling back upon bureaucracy, and hailed as marking an era in our educational development.

On every hand, too, were heard expressions of admiration for the great educational revival that is taking place in the South. Superintendent Evans of Augusta, Georgia, unfolded the Southern educational problem in a masterly manner, and was ably supported by his colleagues in debate.

After a session that has not been surpassed in interest and value, the department adjourned to meet in 1895 at Cleveland, Ohio, under the presidency of Superintendent Maxwell of Brooklyn.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE SENATOR.

William Alfred Peffer was born September 10, 1831, on a farm in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, six miles from Carlisle. His brother Benjamin, who despite his name contrived to be the oldest, still nurses that farm upon the painful Pennsylvania equivalent of cultivation. One need not pretentiously have been born a seventh daughter to determine that the lines of Senator Peffer's honorable descent are undeviatingly Teutonic, though ancestors as dead and distant as his great-grandfather bore arms creditably in defence of the soil of the republic. It is to Senator Peffer's lesser grandfather, Philip, that Pennsylvania owes such lustre as the career of its son prosperously reflects upon it, for it was Philip who settled in that State as one of the pioneers of Centre County. Thereafter, speaking by the book, Philip begat John, and John begat William Alfred, who was thoughtfully the youngest of ten Peffers, half of whom yet rejoicingly live.

Young Peffer's education was begun and roughly finished in a little country school not distant from his father's farm. So successfully did he wrestle with the thin curriculum of the place and day, that when he had reached the ripe maturity of fifteen years he had accumulated such bristling stores of knowledge as himself to undertake the tyranny of thrusting the painful mysteries of the alphabet upon regardless youth. The alternate cultivation of arid intellect in winter and crops in summer uneventfully occupied the thriving time of the embryonic Senator until May, 1850. Then the gold fever fastened hard on him, and in the wild delirium of it he exchanged the bird in hand of his Pennsylvania school-house for the aviary of delightful El Dorados singing Lorelei songs on the western slopes of the Sierras.

With some two hundred other adventurous choice spirits, the Peffer of 1850 sailed in May of that year from New York to Havana, and thence to Galveston. Under the leadership of one French the company peacefully penetrated Sonora and Chihuahua, and after a journey of seven months reached San Francisco—Peffer hopefully walking the last eight hundred dusty miles in consequence of the selfish death of his inconsiderate horse. Romance remained a haughty stranger to the country schoolmaster turned ragged placer miner there on Don Pedro Bar on the pactolian Tuolumne. The greatest bonanza he discovered panned out but $16, and what is even $16 to the enlarged ambitions of an abstemious man, driven to the making of his own clothing by camp-fire light out of drilled cotton costing one dollar a yard? California palled upon the cultivated Pennsylvania taste, and Peffer made his laborious way back—working his passage to Panama, and landing in New York in April, 1852, with a fortune of two dollars, all in cash, in his pocket.

For a time he tarried again at Carlisle, marrying there in December of the year of his return Sarah Jane Barber, a teacher of Mount Holly, then suggestively called Papertown. In June, 1853, he removed to St. Joseph County, Indiana, and there, some six miles from South Bend, he and his wife set patiently to work to build them a home in the thick woods. Peffer cleared a few difficult acres, chopped and hauled cord-wood, burned and sold charcoal, and thus monotonously and laboriously employed himself for six years. During all this time he fed his mind diligently. He read at every opportunity, and was hungrily given to critical reflection. As might be guessed, Dryden and didactic Pope were then, as now, his favorite poets. He consumed histories and chewed their cud, caring nothing for events or men except as they were illustrative of what the wood-chopping student conceived to be the philosophy of history.

Word came one heavy day from the moss-gathering brother who had stuck to the Pennsylvania farm that two claims against his father, of twenty years' standing and for considerable sums, had been presented for payment. The scrupulously honest father, who had removed to Indiana with his favorite son William, was greatly distressed. He was confident that the old debts had been properly discharged, but he was unable to produce the musty proofs. To restore his father's peace, broken and destroyed by this event, Peffer sold his farm. Before the receipts could be applied to the extinction of the claims, proof of payment was discovered in the bowels of a venerable and respectable clock at the old homestead. As it chanced, this discovery advantaged little, for a greedy panic came and swallowed the unrequired sacrifice prepared by filial affection to preserve parental honor.

It was then that Peffer, having gone first alone to spy out the land and providently put out a crop, removed to Missouri in September, 1859, with his wife and the three children that had come to them, leaving his father and mother in Indiana. He settled on the cheap prairie lands of Morgan County, and while farming in summer and teaching in winter, watched the war clouds gather. He was demonstratively a Union man, and on July 4, 1860, took brave occasion to make a stout Union speech, all of which was duly preserved by the country press. When home guards were organized to make defence against the froth and spume of guerillas thrown up dangerously by the troublous days, Peffer became a Captain. Presently the lines of the hard strife were drawn by bitterness with increasing tension, and Peffer, breaking up his home again, went to more loyal Illinois.

In August, 1862, having put out a crop for his family's maintenance, he enlisted at Monmouth as a private in Company F, Eighty-third Illinois Infantry. Then came a sour taste of garrison life at Fort Donelson. Soon Peffer was detailed to take charge of quartermaster's supplies; then the Adjutant conveniently broke a leg, and Peffer took his place, and in March, 1863, he became a Second Lieutenant. Half of the regiment went to Clarksville, Tennessee, in September, 1863, and there Peffer, after acting as Post Adjutant, served as Judge Advocate of a military commission until July, 1864. He so discharged the difficult duties of his severe office as to merit and receive the respect of the disaffected people with whom his official lot was cast, for he was ever inclined to the exercise of sweet mercy. To equip himself more fully for his office he began to read law, and pursued his studies with such profitable diligence that when mustered out of the service, June 26, 1865, he had digested more or less wholesomely some hundred text-books. When he cut Mars to court Blackstone, he was acting as depot quartermaster in the engineer department at Nashville. Within two months after leaving the service he had established his family at Clarksville, Tennessee, and there he practised law for five years, once serving briefly as justice of the peace. During this period he did all that was in him to do to make the waste places in human hearts and about human homes to blossom in peace again; but the war memories were too cherished, the graves too freshly dug, and the troubled times were unpropitious. So it came to pass that Peffer at length went into Kansas, and there more prosperously set up his travel-stained lares and penates.

He settled near Fredonia, in Wilson County, in January, 1870, taking a claim some three miles out, upon which, with his own inexperienced hands, he built an unpretentious house. In the town he built his law office, and for more than a year he went to and fro on foot. Within a few months after his arrival, by some magical achievement of finance, he bought the *Wilson County Courier*, a youthful weakling of a paper prematurely speckled with decay. So Peffer lived, farming, publishing, practising law, and gratuitously organizing agricultural societies, until October, 1874, sedulously the while extending his acquaintance and organizing the Republican party thereabouts.

In consequence in 1874 he was elected to the State Senate, and there served as a member of the Judiciary Committee, chairman of the Committee on Corporations, and chairman of the Joint Centennial Committee. In 1875, being desirous of advancing the interests of his children, Senator Peffer moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, and bought the Coffeyville *Journal*, two of his boys and one girl being practical

SENATOR WILLIAM ALFRED PEFFER, OF KANSAS.—Drawn from Life by G. W. Breck.

printers. There the old routine of law, teaching, and country newspaper work was resumed, and continued until January, 1881, when Senator Peffer went to Topeka, being engaged as editorial writer on the *Capital* at the munificent salary of ten dollars a week. In September of that year he established a concurrent editorial connection with the *Kansas Farmer*, a weekly paper, and with the exception of a short period in 1882 continued as editorial writer on both papers until that upheaval of 1890, beneath which he bore so formative a part.

Senator Peffer had been in complete sympathy with the Republican party from its organization, and was in militant fellowship as late as 1888. In that year he delivered a few protection speeches in President Harrison's interest, and his tariff manual was freely used by both parties in the West. But he early began to urge the farmers to organize, not with the intent to abandon their political affiliations, but for discussion of questions affecting their interest, and to procure within then existing party lines such legislation as was judged desirable. Soon he advanced so far as to teach that if parties proved stubborn and stiff-necked, the farmers would then have an organization of their own through which to attempt the execution of their purposes.

Presently the editorial writer who was teaching these comfortable doctrines was invited to speak, now at a county fair, now at a farmers' institute, to those he taught. It all came naturally and quietly about without suggestion. Farmers generally were concerning and pricking themselves with very acute, if not very accurate, reflection on economic questions. Many of them in person sought out the editorial teacher to lay their vexed problems before him. They were sensible of untoward conditions, if not of causes and remedies. Thus Senator Peffer was himself impelled to wider and more patient investigation and reflection. Then came from his pen "The Way Out," and the revolution, as Kansas farmers are paternally proud of calling their notable assertion of political power, was hotly bubbling and preparing. The popular demand upon Senator Peffer was so persistent in the autumn of 1889 that he addressed the farmers two and three times a week. When spring came in the year following he spoke nearly every day in the country schoolhouses and village halls, but never, it is said, soliciting preferment, or doing otherwise than filling faithfully engagements the people themselves made for him.

The rest is the gossip of but yesterday. The farmers made curious trial of their strength, exultingly swept everything before them in one wild tremendous rush that comforted their self-love if it did not change economic conditions, and out of the revolution Senator Peffer was logically evolved.

As yet he has accomplished no notable thing. He serves as a patient channel for the interjection into the Senate of impossible theories of legislation and barren ideas of finance. He is sincere and honest in his views, and unfortunate in the manner of their expression. He is as devoid of personal magnetism as a hitching-post, and his Senatorial speech is irritating in its colorless suggestion of vacuous perpetuity.

THE RECENT DEMONSTRATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN BOSTON.

The Police driving the Mob from the State-House.—From Sketches by Bert Poole.—[See Page 234.]

ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE FROM CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Allen B. Doggett.—[See Page 237.]

THE NEVER-ENDING SONG.

THE music of the birds which filled
The woods with melody,
The songs that once with gladness thrilled,
Like singing mountain brooks are stilled,
For winter reigns with icy chains
And winter winds blow free.

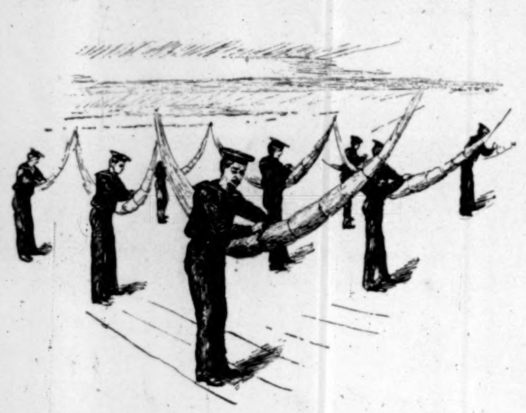
The music of the woodland quire
Held perfect joy for thee—
No other strains didst thou desire—
Thou wouldst not listen to my lyre,
Nor heed my songs while Nature's throngs
Gave forth their melody.

Thou listenest—but all in vain—
The woodland minstrelsy
Is hushed until Spring comes again;
But, Love, for thee I have one strain
Through passing years and griefs and tears,
If thou wilt list to me.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AMATEUR SAILORS AT DRILL.

WE had some kings aboard our ship on Tuesday evening, February 20th. "We" are the First Naval Battalion of the State of New York. Our ship is the United States steamship *New Hampshire*, now a floating armory for us amateur man-o'-war's men. The kings were Mayor Gilroy, District-Attorney Fellows, Inspector Williams, Commander McGowan, and Lieutenant Selfridge, U.S.N., and a few others. "Kings" is what Uncle Sam's sailors call all dignitaries who have to be received with imposing ceremonies. When a "king" comes aboard a man-of-war, several side boys, as



HAMMOCK DRILL.

they are called, and a boatswain's mate or two line up on either side of the gangway. The boatswain's mates blow a particularly piercing blast on their little silver whistles, and the side boys salute. That is what we call piping the side. If he happens to be an especially big king, we parade the marine guard on the quarter-deck, present arms to him, and give him certain tunes on our bugles. That is what we did on February 20th, when Mayor Gilroy came aboard, for in the Naval Battalion the discipline, routine, and customs of the navy are observed at all times.

The *New Hampshire* is an old line-of-battle sailing ship. Her topmasts and yards are struck, and her spar-deck is roofed over, so that she looks a little like an improved Noah's ark. But inside she is still in appearance a man-of-war. She is five stories high. The top story is known as the spar-deck. The others in descending order we call—rather for convenience that with accuracy—the gun-deck, mess-deck, orlop-deck, and hold. On the spar-deck the visitor sees our Lee magazine rifles in racks along the bulwarks. Forward in the armory are plenty of cutlasses, revolvers, belts, bayonets, canteens, and ammunition pouches. Under the topgallant forecastle are the wash-rooms, and under the poop are the Captain's cabin and the offices of the executive officer and navigator. The ward-room (officers' quarters) is aft on the gun-deck. On this deck are mounted, as bow chasers, two breech-loading converted Parrots, six nine-inch Dahlgren smooth-bores mounted in broadside, one one-pounder Driggs-Shroeder rapid-fire on a cage mount, one one-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire on a field-carriage, and one three-inch breech-loading rifle and two muzzle-loading howitzers on field-carriages. On the mess-deck are the division rooms, the staff petty officers' rooms, and the galley. On the orlop-deck are the store-rooms.

As soon as the Mayor and his party came aboard the assembly was sounded, and the ship's company gathered at quarters, the first and second divisions on the spar-deck, the third and fourth on the gun-deck. They formed for inspection, and the visitors passed down the lines and had a look at the men. As soon as the inspecting party left the spar-deck for the gun-deck, the first and second divisions began cutlass drill and bayonet exercise. One division took the starboard side and the other the port side of the spar-deck, and for half an hour the spectators saw them thrusting, cutting, and parrying. The bayonet exercise, of course, can be seen at any regimental armory, but the cutlass drill belongs only to the jack-tar. It is elementary fencing, and is superb exercise.

As soon as the inspecting party had gone down to the orlop-deck, the fourth division manned the nine-inch Dahlgrens on the gun-deck, and the third division descended to the mess-deck. Here twenty men of this division swung their hammocks and turned in, or, as shore folk say, they went to bed. The law under which the battalion is formed requires that the fourth gun's crew in each division shall be a torpedo crew. So the fourth crew of the third division got a spar-torpedo on the port side of the mess-deck, and when the Mayor and his party came up from below they rigged it up and exploded a small charge of gunpowder by electricity. A spar-torpedo is simply a long iron tube at the outer end of which hangs a shell loaded with guncotton. An electric wire runs through the tube. The whole thing is projected some thirty-five feet over the bow of a boat, and fired by turning the crank of an electric machine. The torpedo crew of the third division can rig and fire this apparatus in four and a half minutes. While the spar was being prepared the call of all hands was sounded on the starboard side, and the pretended sleepers turned out. They rolled and lashed hammocks and formed for inspection. That was to show his Honor how much Amateur Jack knew about making his own bed.

The inspecting party now went once more to the gun-deck, where Lieutenant Stayton at once commanded the fourth division to "Cast loose and provide." That is the order which in war-times means trouble. The men cast loose the tackles, prepared the sponges, rammers, locks, and lanyards, got the cutlasses and revolvers for the boarders and the rifles for the riflemen, and in general made the guns ready for action. Then they showed his Honor how a big gun is transported from one part of the ship to another where it may be more needed. The Dahlgren guns are old-fashioned, and are not used in the new navy, but Commander Miller holds that men who can handle them will have no trouble with the new eight-inch rifles with all the modern conveniences.

Now the inspecting gentlemen went up to the spar-deck, and there we showed them how Jacky gets his field-batteries to work. First we hoisted the one-pounder Hotchkiss and the three-inch rifle up the main-hatch, and then put two crews to work at them under a junior officer. The men went through the evolutions of manning the drags, forming crews to the front and rear, loading and firing, and dismounting and mounting the pieces. It is a pretty sight to see a crew pull a field-piece all apart in a few seconds, and lie down with the different parts. As soon as the field-artillery performance was over the pieces were put out of the way, and the visitors were given an exhibition of Jacky as an infantryman. Two companies did as much marching as is possible in the circumscribed space afforded by a ship's deck, and also showed what they knew about the manual of arms. Down below, the first and second divisions were now publicly examined in knot-tying, splicing, making hitches and bends, and in their knowledge of the various kinds of ordnance and ammunition on board the ship.

The drill as a whole was successful, and it certainly must have given his Honor an idea of the variety of things Amateur Jack has to learn. I wish the Mayor and the other gentlemen could see our squadron of small boats drill by signal from the ship, or see us get up the starboard anchor at 5 A.M. by main strength and a deck tackle. We do not go through the manual of arms with the snap and precision of our friends in the National Guard, nor do we march as well. But when we are afloat we contrive to give a pretty fair imitation of the United States Jacky, and to earn the approval of such experienced cruisers as Admiral Walker, Captain Casey, Lieutenant-Commander Sperry, and Lieutenant Nazro.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE ABUSES OF VIVISECTION.

THE American Association for the Spread of Knowledge of the Extent and Existing Methods of Vivisection, aiming not to prohibit vivisection in proper hands, but to prevent its abuse in improper hands, has wisely asked the co-operation of the physicians of New York city in furthering this object. If the purpose of the association is rightly understood by the physicians, there can be little question as to their response, for the feeling of the best element of the medical profession regarding this matter is not at all equivocal, though sometimes misinterpreted. The men whose lives are chiefly devoted to the alleviation of suffering are surely not less humane on an average than their fellows, and as a body they certainly do not practise or countenance the needless infliction of pain. On the contrary, they are often foremost in rebuking such practices, even when undertaken or suggested by a misguided member of their own profession.

Witness, for example, the comment of the *British Medical Journal* on the published account of some barbarous experiments upon dogs, performed, we regret to say, by an American surgeon. It says: "This is a record of the most wanton and stupidest cruelty we have ever seen chronicled under the guise of scientific experiment. If this were a type of experimental inquiry indulged in by the profession, public feeling would rightly be against us. We trust that no one in our profession or out of it will be tempted by the fancy that these or such like experiments are scientific or justifiable. We cannot but feel ashamed of the work as undertaken by a member of our profession."

In the same spirit is the incisive comment of a very prominent American Journal, the New York *Medical Record*, on the proposed enactment in Ohio of a law permitting the vivisection of capital criminals. In the issue of February 17, 1894, it says, editorially, referring to arguments that had been advanced by the advocates of the bill: "We do not think that any physician can read the above without a feeling of repulsion and disgust. There is no sentiment among medical men in favor of such a proposition. It is vulgar, sensational, and it is degrading to the profession. Medical science is based on humanity, and medical work illustrates every day the power of human sympathy and charity, but the deliberate mutilation and subsequent poisoning of human beings for any purpose whatsoever is too shocking to be seriously contemplated. Physicians are the very last to ask that science be advanced by anything so brutal and demoralizing as human vivisection."

Such authoritative comments leave no room for doubt that the atrocious vivisection sometimes practised or suggested by pseudo-scientists is as abhorrent to physicians as to laymen. On the other hand, the utility of legitimate vivisections in promoting the welfare of the human race and the races of domesticated animals has been abundantly demonstrated, most tangibly of all, perhaps, during the past decade, in reference to brain surgery and to bacterial diseases. This being freely conceded by practically all qualified observers, it would seem that the main problem of vivisection (so long a "vexed question") is in a fair way to be worked out to the mutual satisfaction of vivisectors and their aforetime critics. But there is a subordinate phase of the subject somewhat recently presented, which one cannot regard with so much satisfaction, namely, the growing practice of vivisecting before classes of young pupils in the secular schools. Such an over-zealous application of the "scientific method" is fit to appear only in that sorry system of pedagogics which makes light of sentiment and considers the goal of education to be the acquisition of bare facts. In a broader view it must appear that such grewsome exhibitions will have a most unwholesome effect upon the mind of a child, tending to strengthen rather than to repress its selfish and cruel instincts. The child who has been taught through "scientific" demonstrations to regard a pet cat or dog as an animated machine with contracting muscles and blood-propelling heart and bile-secreting liver, instead of as a living being possessed of feelings and emotions something akin to its own, can never again regard the sacred mystery of life in quite the same light as before. It has gained knowledge of very doubtful value at the expense of a distinct ethic sacrifice. Far better might that child remain ignorant of the appearances of vital organs than lose its awe for the vital principle that animates them. If physiological experiments must enter into the scheme of the modern system of education, let them at least be deferred until moral principles are firmly grounded.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN BOSTON.

AMID the depressions of the past winter and the financial stress which was, and is still, felt by nearly all men, and especially by the laboring classes, we have reason to again congratulate ourselves on the American spirit. There have been murmurings and grumblings heard in plenty, but men were simply indulging themselves in one of their free-born privileges, by which a great deal of unnecessary energy finds vent and does no harm. Men should not be felicitated upon refraining from robbery and arson, but the thought of what might be the result if so many men were out of work and money in all the European capitals, even the reports which we read day by day of the strife of the lower classes, rather makes us proud of the spirit of restraint, of obedience to law and order, as exhibited by Americans. There have been blatant agitators, wild anarchists, and hordes of untrained immigrants ready enough to furnish trouble if trouble was desired, but the nearest approach to lawlessness or mob violence was the demonstration by unemployed workingmen in Boston on Tuesday, February 20th. Even then the mob was not composed of Americans, being for the most part of Poles, Hebrews, Italians, and other races, the greater part as yet unfamiliar with the institutions of the republic, and having no voice at all in the government. A "socialist-anarchist" by the name of Morrison I. Swift led, but his wild speeches had little effect, and the demonstration went out like a match in a whirlwind.

The mob on that day gathered on the historic Boston Common, and listened to several speeches by the socialist-anarchist agitators, marching thence to the State-house, where Swift and another of his party, Herbert J. Casson, were appointed delegates to present a memorial to Governor Greenhalge. This document demanded that the municipal and State authorities at once provide the unemployed men with work, and, yielding to the delegates' request, the Governor went forth and addressed the crowd before the State-house. He defined his position as a servant of the people, and said that he could do nothing himself, but that their interests were his, and he would recommend action by the Legislature. Then the Governor retired, and the crowd poured into the building in order to lay the memorial before the Senate and House of Representatives. Then Swift ascended to one of the small side galleries in Doric Hall and began a wild harangue. "And we will clean out the State-house if we don't get what we want!" he cried.

This extraordinary remark was repeated to the Governor, who immediately reappeared on the scene and demanded what the orator meant. The man was cowed, and qualified his statement by saying that he had meant that the clearing-out process was to be by ballot. The mob with him, however, had not understood it that way. Then the Governor told Swift that such language would not be tolerated, and that he would be held personally responsible for any disturbance, and the leader got out of the Governor's sight as soon as possible. The arrival of fifty policemen completed the mob's discomfiture, and they adjourned at once to the Common, being driven like sheep before the representatives of law and order. Swift here climbed up into the crotch of a tree and talked in his usual strain for some time, while the mob listened for a while, and then without further demonstration walked away as night approached.

COURTLANDT PALMER.

THE creative musician, not only of American birth but identified as an American, has something to accomplish before he will have distinguished himself in his art and profession to full critical satisfaction. In fact, in the race for honor the American composer has been left a perceptible distance behind by the American painter, by the American sculptor or architect, and by the American man—or woman—of letters. Fortunately for our national credit in the art, interpreters of music born and bred under our flag are not only in the very front rank of the artistic profession, but so plentiful as nowadays to begin to crowd uncomfortably the old and the new recruits of European nationality. To the honored group of pianists fairly belonging to the United States recent months have added Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, of whose talent, enthusiasm, and industry many kindly opinions are current.

Mr. Palmer is young enough—being only in his twenty-fifth year—to have before him a long and distinguished future, and to achieve a reputation of high quality. As a lad he was enough of a juvenile prodigy to be heard with emphatic success in a public concert in this city—an incident reckoned a happy prediction by many of his friends. Years of diligent study abroad, particularly under Parisian tutors of eminent rank, have by this time accomplished much for him; and lately Mr. Palmer has been among the relatively few students and virtuosi to whom Mr. Paderewski has found time to be a teacher. In Europe Mr. Palmer already has appeared frequently in public, including engagements at Dresden under the Tonkünstlerverein's auspices, and in Paris in connection with the famous orchestral concerts in the Salle Erard, under the direction of M. Colonne. Mr. Palmer's concerts in this city during the current fortnight are to be understood as constituting the young virtuoso's formal American début, though previous to the present musical season he has played a few times in New York and in the vicinity of our city, if under less notable

CUTE.

Lady. "Want work, eh? Well, here's a snow-shovel. Clear off the snow, and I will give you a good breakfast."

Patchwork. "Better give me the breakfast first, mum, fur it will be dinner-time before I get through."

conditions. Metropolitan society is interested in his success with an unusual cordiality, not merely because of a youthful artist's return home with a recognized ability and the fruits of faithful preparation for public work, but because Mr. Palmer's name is one which before now has been of distinction in New York social and intellectual life. He is the son of the late Courtlandt Palmer, the founder of the Nineteenth Century Club, and a gentleman long identified with its work and success.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

A WINTER SKETCH.

In morning dusk it lay, a field
Which, as it capped a hill,
Had been wind-swept
During the snow-storm of the day before,
So that, while lower fields were of a shimmering white,
The yellow stubble plainly showed
Through its thin pall of snow.
The storm had ended in a freezing shower
That cased each blade in ice.

And now the sun,
A blood-red disk, but newly risen,
Gave glory to the several fields of snow
Impartially;
But on the mead, so lightly touched
By the snow-storm's caress,
As if in splendid recompense,
It poured a flood of molten hazel light,
Till every piece of stubble seemed
A golden spear from out earth's frozen arsenal—
Borne by a fairy warrior.
And soon the wall-bound field
Was full of Lilliputian infantry,
Marching, with shafts afire,
In jealous haste
To mar the beauty of the drifted snow
That mantled every field save theirs.

Charles Battell Loomis.

AN INTERESTING TABLE.

The lottery of marriage and the chances of mankind therein have been investigated with great thoroughness by a Parisian physician, according to M. Paul Bourget, the French novelist. After studying the effects of various callings in life upon a man's chances of success with the fair sex, the doctor has come to the following conclusions:

Magistrates, lawyers, notaries, etc.		5 chances in 100
Physicians		10 chances in 100
Pedagogues	School-teachers	25 chances in 100
	College professors	5 chances in 100
Officers	Under captain	90 chances in 100
	Above captain	5 chances in 100
Painters		80 chances in 100
Sculptors		50 chances in 100
Musicians		10 chances in 100
Architects		50 chances in 100
Actors	Tragedians	20 chances in 100
	Tenors	60 chances in 100
	Comedians	99 chances in 100
Business men	Clerks	80 chances in 100
	Floor-walkers	20 chances in 100
	Proprietors	5 chances in 100
Literary men	Journalists	50 chances in 100
	Dramatists	10 chances in 100
	Novelists	15 chances in 100
	Poets	30 chances in 100
Brokers		2 chances in 100
Bankers		2 chances in 100

AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.—[Adv.]

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Doctor to Patient.—"Why, you are using the wrong medicine." "No, sir, the right medicine, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills."—[Adv.]

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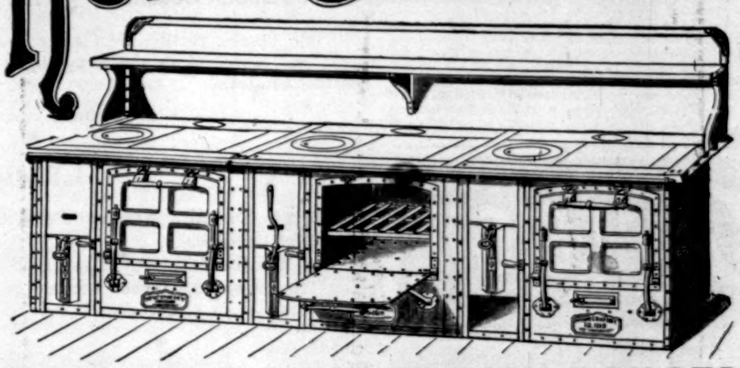

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1893.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$22,808,916.74
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	23,928,724.53
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	89,253,593.42
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market value, $9,449,241)	6,934,463.33
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	14,396,857.64
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,294,463.13
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums and other Securities	6,439,378.11
Total Assets December 31, 1893	$169,056,396.90

We hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, we find the same to be true and correct as stated.

THOMAS D. JORDAN, Comptroller. FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing Policies (4% Standard), and all other liabilities	$136,689,646.57
Total Undivided Surplus (4% Standard), including Special Reserve of $2,500,000 towards establishment of a 3½% valuation	32,366,750.33
	$169,056,396.90

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, Actuaries.

INCOME.

Premiums	$35,537,369.59
Interest, Rents, etc.	6,485,235.96
	$42,022,605.55

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$10,761,402.80
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities, and Discounted Endowments	6,888,912.63
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$17,650,315.43
Commissions, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange	4,615,745.29
General Expenses, State, County, and City Taxes	3,089,438.08
	$25,355,498.80
New Assurance written in 1893	$205,280,227.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	932,532,577.00

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JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

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RESOURCES (including Capital $2,000,000) . . . $3,368,883.59
LIABILITIES (including Reserve, $388,416.06) . . . 557,253.62

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THE DEBTORS' PRISON.

But a trifle more than sixty years ago one of the most agreeably edifying sights of this town—to which country relatives come up for a holiday might be taken with a pleasurable advantage—was the Debtor's Prison. This structure stood (and in a revamped state still stands, being the present Hall of Records) at the northeast corner of what now is the City Hall Park; but before it came to be employed in what, for a prison, was so genteel a fashion it had led but a shabby, and in one period an even execrable, career.

In the early decades of the past century the criminals of New York were lodged (with a shrewd thrust of prophetic sarcasm) in the City Hall, which building then stood on the site now occupied by the United States Treasury on Wall Street. As early as the year 1724 the impossibility (even more conspicuously obvious at a later date) of confining the City Hall criminals within that edifice became apparent, and in 1727 four men were appointed "to watch it to prevent escapes." But in 1740 complaints were made that even the walls and the watchers together did not suffice to restrain the prisoners; and at last, in the year 1756, an Act of Assembly was procured enabling the corporation to provide means for the erection of a jail with walls of such solidity that through them prisoners could not ooze away.

The site chosen for this structure was in "The Fields"—whereof the surviving remnant is the present City Hall Park—and the original plan called for a building two stories in height and about fifty feet square. While in process of construction the addition of a third story with a "cupola" (which later became a famous outlook for fires) was decided upon; and in this shape the New Jail, as it then and thereafter was called, came into existence, and certainly was in use by the year 1764: at which time the whipping-post, stocks, cage, and pillory were brought from Wall Street and were set up in front of it, while the gallows—less constantly in requisition—stood a little retired in its rear. Close beside it (on the site where now stands the City Hall) stood the Poor-House, that had been erected in the year 1735; and about the year 1775 the Bridewell was built, in a line with these cheerful structures, over beside Broadway. Thus adorned, "The Fields"—being so obviously the terminal station of various sorts of criminal careers--was a veritable object-lesson in morality.

The evil fame of the New Jail was acquired in the time of the Revolutionary War. During the English occupation of this island it was used as a military prison under the charge of the reprobate Provost-Marshal Cunningham, and so came to be known as the Provost, or the Provost Jail. Of the truly horrible cruelties to which were subjected the Americans there confined—who for the most part were either officers or civilians of gentle blood--it is needless now to speak. Sleeping dogs of so ugly a sort very well may lie. And, moreover, whatever was the sum of this particular score against Great Britain we wrote it off the books forever on the 28th of April of the year 1893, when the sailors of Queen Victoria—marching where no armed Englishman has marched since November 25, 1783—were cheered to the echo from the doors and windows of the very building in which American patriots were dealt with most foully by the servants of that gracious woman's graceless grandfather, King George the Third.

When the war was ended the Provost reverted to more legitimate uses again, but under regulations which sent all the common criminals to the Bridewell, and made the New Jail merely a place of genteel detention for prisoners for debt: those thriftless (or, possibly, over-thrifty) persons who were for dancing through the world at the charges of anybody whom they could induce to pay their piper, and whose simple concept of economical finance was never to pay a piper, or anybody else, for themselves. That this class was represented over-liberally in the New York of a hundred years ago might be inferred from the fact that between January 2d and December 3d of the year 1788 no less than 1162 debtors were sent to prison; in other words—the population then being about 25,000—one citizen in every twenty, or thereabouts, went to jail for debt. Fortunately for the reputation of the New-Yorkers of the last century, however, these figures—which I find in a petition addressed by the Association for the Relief of Distressed Debtors to the General Assembly—are misleading when taken without their qualifying context. The purport of the petition was to exhibit the injury done to the community by "the confinement of debtors for small sums," and its major premise was the fact that of the 1162 commitments specified no less than 716 were "for sums recoverable before a justice of the peace, and many of these under twenty shillings." Very reasonably, therefore, the memorialists urge that the confinement of debtors for such slight cause inures greatly to the injury of the community: "as thereby the certain profit which would arise to society from the labour of the debtor is sacrificed, for an indefinite time, to the precarious prospect of recovering a debt which the creditor, in most instances, has improvidently suffered to be contracted, and which very often does not amount to one-fourth of the value the public would derive from the labour of the debtor during the time of his confinement"—all of which, save the delightful and also astute saddling of the responsibility for the debt upon the "improvident" creditor, is very much what Solon had to say upon the same subject rather more than two thousand years earlier in the history of the world.

As rearranged after the Revolution, the Debtors' Prison consisted of twelve wards, six on the first and six on the second floor, and with these last a chapel in which the debtors were privileged to hear prayers read every Thursday. Obviously the large number of committed debtors could not be accommodated in this building; and to meet the requirements of the case the plan was adopted—from the English system—of ideally increasing the size of the prison by permitting well-to-do debtors (who had snatched from their burning fortunes a comforting brand or two wherewith to pay for such privileges) to live outside of it, but within what were termed its "limits." In Blunt's *Strangers' Guide to the City of New York* for the year 1817, the limits of the Debtors' Prison are described as extending to "about 160 acres," and as subject to alteration by the judges of the Court of Common Pleas; to which is added the statement that "permission to reside in the limits may be obtained for fifty cents and finding proper security to the satisfaction of the Jailor; but this is only granted after judgment has been obtained."

At that period, according to the guide-book, there were "only thirty-five prisoners within the walls; and outside, within the limits, between five and six hundred." These figures relate specifically to August, 1817, and presumably show a considerably smaller number of prisoners than were on the rolls a few months earlier—inasmuch as the Act of Assembly of April 15, 1817, provided that "any person confined in this prison for a debt not exceeding $25, exclusive of costs, upon applying to any judge or justice of the city, and making oath that his real or personal estate does not exceed in value $25 over and above the articles exempted by law from seizure in execution, is entitled to be set at liberty."

This humane law—which virtually complied with the petition of 1788—so materially modified the conditions in regard to debtors that the need for a debtors' prison as a separate institution practically disappeared. For another dozen years the New Jail remained in existence; but with a constantly increasing exhibition of the extravagance involved in maintaining so considerable an establishment for so small end. Indeed, a genial tradition declares that the prison was continued in commission through these later years not in the interest of the prisoners but in the interest of their jailer, the kindly and prodigiously stout Pappy Lownds—who was not fitted to discharge the duties of any other office in the gift of the corporation, and who, even had there been another berth available for him, was too fat to be moved.

In the year 1830 (hearts by that time having grown harder, perhaps) this arcadian state of affairs was brought to an end by the urgent request of the then Register for a fire-proof building in which to house the city records, and by the phenomenally prompt decision of the City Council to gratify his request: out of which conditions came the result that the New Jail not only disappeared, but that—being cut down a story and encased in new outer walls—it was replaced by an edifice which long was regarded by complacent New-Yorkers as a prodigy of classic architectural art.

After the initial burst of hurry the work went on so temperately that the requirements of the original plan have not been executed completely even now, at the end of sixty-three years. However, by the summer of 1832 the building was so far advanced that it could be used as a temporary cholera hospital, and a year later the Register, the Comptroller, the Surrogate, and the Street Commissioners were housed together within its walls. All of these offices long since were crowded out by the records—the Surrogate in 1858, the Street Commissioners in 1859, and in 1869 the Comptroller. That the remaining tenant has made exceedingly bad use of his exclusive property is patent to the eyes and nose of whoever ventures within its dirty precincts; nor will such adventurer question the tradition of the office that within it are recorded all the bad smells which have been known on this island from the earliest Dutch times.

Fortunately this defilement of the interior of the Hall of Records has not affected its exterior, which essentially is unchanged since Recorder Riker took possession of his new quarters just sixty years ago. Yet probably not many people, looking at this modest little building nowadays, even faintly imagine—what actually was the fact—that when it was newly finished it was the most beautiful structure upon the island, and was the pride and open boast of the city of New York. A few keen observers there must be—among the million or so of human beings passing it every day—who perceive the symmetry of its proportions, its admirable mass, its simple elegance, and who wonder whence these classic excellences were derived; and such discriminating observers will not be surprised when they know its genesis. Actually, the little Hall of Records is patterned upon the mighty temple of Diana of Ephesus—that majestic Artemision which would cover (should Cherisiphon come alive again and set up his masterpiece here in New York) not an odd corner of the City Hall Park, but the whole of Union Square—and so does it come honestly by its heritage of grace.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 238.]

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

THE charm of duck-shooting lies in the variety of sport it affords, the skill required, and the varied beauty of the game when secured. Nearly all game-birds are beautiful, but there is such sameness about most of them that the sportsman after a time forgets to admire them. All day long in grouse or quail shooting you bag birds each like all the rest, but in duck-shooting you never know what combination of beautiful tints will be presented in the next bird that falls to your gun. Now it is the iridescent head and bright chestnut breast of the mallard; then perhaps the soft drabs and cinnamons of the baldpate, or the wavy grays of the pintail, or the subdued gorgeousness of the wood-duck. The next bird fetched by the retriever may be a canvas-back with chestnut head and pencilled mantle, or a little buffle-head in black and white, or perhaps a shoveller in greens and blues and browns, or a masquerading harlequin in unnamed colors. All of these and a full dozen others, each matchless in its way, may fall to your gun in flight-shooting over a single point. There are no less than forty distinct species of ducks in this country, and about half of them may be found associated more or less together in any good locality. So duck-shooting, as compared with almost any other sport, has an added charm of perennial novelty. This applies not alone to the game itself, but to the method of pursuing it. Most other birds have a restricted habitat, and are found always on the same kind of feeding-ground—the prairie-hen on the upland, the ruffed grouse in woodlands, bob-white in fields and pastures, the snipe in the bogs. Ducks are not so restricted. In their pursuit you may fix your blind on the coast of the ocean or the shore of an inland lake, or beside a prairie pond, or in a corn or wheat field miles from water. Even in the deep woods, as you are beating the underbrush for woodcock or partridge beside one of those delightful little watercourses that wind among the trees, you may startle a family of wood-ducks or a brace of teal or mallard.

You may go in pursuit of the game or wait for it to come to you. You may even beat up mallards like snipe, as I have done before now in boggy pastures where tussocks of grass restricted their view. The sport is never two days alike. Now the fowl come readily to your decoys; again they are shy and suspicious. You must find out what is wrong or you will get no game. Sometimes they fly high over one point and low over another. They change their line of flight with varying winds or changing weather. You must find out how and why. In short, you must study the habits of your bird, when that bird is a duck, as you need study the habits of no other game-bird.

In flight-shooting you must be on the alert to detect and name your bird in the distance, in order to change the shell in your breech-loader if necessary. It would be ridiculous to riddle a poor little teal with No. 3's; but the 8's that will bag him to the best advantage might only serve to dust the coat of a hardy canvas-back or mallard. Even birds so similar as the canvas-back and red-head differ greatly in tenacity of life. A charge that kills a red-head outright might only cripple the canvas-back. And of course it is a first consideration with the sportsman to "kill clean," not to cripple his game.

For another reason also you must be able to name your bird at sight. It is of first importance in flight-shooting to know when a bird is within range. But if you do not know what the bird is you can never judge accurately, for a little teal at thirty yards seems perhaps as large as a mallard at sixty. Until you learn to know the birds in the air you will be forever shooting at large ducks out of range, and letting small ones go by unsaluted within easy reach of your gun.

The breech-loader enables one to adapt size of shot to size of bird, as was not possible in the old days. For general duck-shooting the bulk of the shells should be 5's and 6's for fall shooting, and a size or two larger in the spring, when the birds are more experienced and wary. A good combination is No. 5 or 6 in the right barrel and No. 4 in the left—that is, if you shoot the right barrel first, as most sportsmen invariably do. But one should carry a few shells loaded with 7's or 8's for small ducks, and a few 2's and B's for reception of a chance goose or for long-range shooting when the game flies wild. Use an ounce and a quarter of shot, if your gun throws so much well, backed by as much powder as the gun will burn. The gun itself should preferably be a ten-gauge, weighing at least eleven pounds. Of course a lighter weapon can be made to answer. One need not stay away from the duck grounds because he has only an eight-pound, "general utility," twelve-gauge; but he must expect to see his neighbor's ten-bore reach out successfully after "sky-scrapers" that could only be given a harmless salute by his lighter gun. The heavy gun has another advantage in that it takes the recoil better, saving your shoulder. This is no inconsiderable item when you are shooting rapidly for hours together. At best your shoulder will not go unscathed unless you have learned to "give" with the discharge—that is, to flinch as you pull the trigger; and many sportsmen never learn to do this without throwing the gun from the line of sight.

I believe there is no longer any controversy as to relative shooting capacities of large and small guns. I can recall, however, when the war of words between champions of ten and twelve gauges waxed furious. The superiority of a large weapon was demonstrated to my own satisfaction at that time by the use of an extreme example. While on a hunting expedition I came across a pot-hunter who had a gun about which he told astonishing tales. The gun was an eight-bore muzzle-loader weighing eighteen pounds! The tales related chiefly to the mowing of swaths in the ranks of water-fowl at rest, for the man was the most shameless of pot-hunters. Sixteen geese at one discharge, forty odd teal at another, were, I recall, among the disgraceful records notched, so to speak, on the stock of this old gun. This did not interest me. But when I was told that it would "kill sure" at one hundred and twenty yards my curiosity was aroused, and I determined to put the gun to a legitimate test, the owner offering to loan it for that purpose. So I had it carried one morning to a point over which ducks were flying very high; so high, indeed, that they paid no attention to me, though I stood in full view. Finding first that my own gun failed to reach the game, I loaded the cannon with "about a handful of powder, and as much shot as you please," according to the owner's not very explicit instructions; and the next pintail that attempted to pass over was brought down from just below the cloud-line like a meteor. I repeated the experiment until I was fully convinced that nothing well within sight was out of range of that gun; then I lugged the thing back to its owner, thinking regretfully of the hosts of water-fowl it had potted and would pot, and wishing I were not morally bound to return it uninjured.

Gun and ammunition provided, the rest of the duck-shooter's equipment will vary somewhat with the locality and the kind of ducks hunted. Of course a light-colored hat and shooting-coat and high rubber boots are among the essentials everywhere. Nothing beyond this is required for shooting in corn or oat fields, to which the larger "shallow-water ducks," such as the mallard and pintail, resort, or for flight-shooting beside prairie ponds. Nearly everything that may be said about the pursuit of geese on the prairies applies to duck-shooting in the same locality. Ducks, however, spend more time on and near the water than geese, and the smaller species, such as teal and shovellers, are seldom found far away from it, unless while migrating. Teal in particular are partial to small ponds, where they often congregate in great numbers. They are the least shy and least hardy of ducks. Pot-hunters stalk them without difficulty in the grass-bordered ponds they frequent, and slaughter them by the score. The larger ducks are not so

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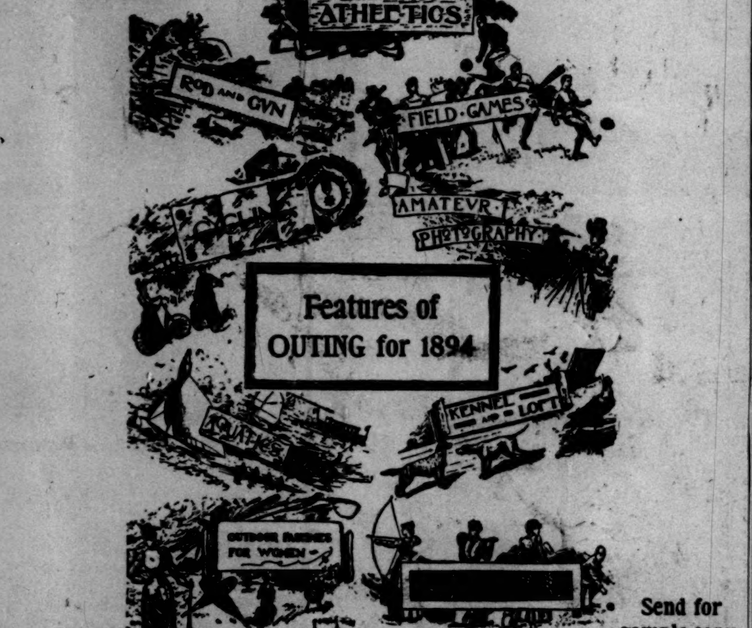

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easily approached, though the shyest of them are much less wary than geese.

In pursuing the "deep-water ducks"—best represented by the canvas-back, red-head, blue-bill, ring-bill, golden-eye, and buffle-head in the interior, and by the "old squaw" and the scoters in addition on the coast, and the eiders to the north—the sportsman should add to his equipment a set of decoys. The ducks of this group are usually found about large bodies of water, and they are generally shot from a blind, natural or artificial, to which they are attracted by decoys. The decoys, however, are often dispensed with in "point-shooting," and beside narrow channels connecting two lakes, as well as along rivers which the fowl follow in migrating.

The deep-water ducks seldom or never feed on land far from the water, and, as a rule, they resort but little to small interior ponds, being partial to larger bodies of water, where they procure their food by diving. The scoters and eiders, and a few others, as the familiar "old squaw," are exclusively maritime, but most of the others, though sometimes called "sea-ducks," visit the interior in large numbers. I have kept my gun-barrels comfortably warm by the hour shooting canvas-backs and red-heads at the outlet of a lake more than a thousand miles from salt-water. Whether the canvas-back of this region has the delicate flavor of his celery-fed cousin of the Chesapeake I will not attempt to decide. But I venture to guess that the two often dangle side by side in the Eastern markets without distinction of price, though of course no conscientious dealer would ever admit that any canvas-back in his stalls hailed from elsewhere than the Chesapeake.

As the shallow-water ducks never dive in feeding, they are naturally partial to ponds and bayous of the interior. The mallard is the type of this group, and its largest and most generally distributed representative. Next to him in abundance in most interior regions, and approaching him in size as well, is the pintail. The two have very similar habits, and associate much together. Both are easily recognized at a long distance in the air, the pintail in particular being made conspicuous by his long tail and extremely long and slender neck. When the two fly together the pintail is almost always in the van, setting the pace. He is credited with being the swiftest flier of all the ducks, and that is very high praise. It is doubted if a hundred miles an hour takes the measure even of the less speedy mallard. Baldpate, shoveller, and gadwall fly quite as fast, and the little teal seems to move even more swiftly, but this is probably because it is so much smaller and comes so much nearer the blind than the larger species usually do. Nor are the diving ducks to be overlooked when speed is in question. They hurtle by like bullets, seeming always in a hurry, whereas the mallard sometimes takes his leisure. The sportsman who stops canvas-back or red-head right and left must lose no time in shifting his gun, nor forget to swing far ahead of their bills. And some one has said of the little butterball—colloquially and most happily named "spirit-duck"—that it requires two observers to even *see* him properly—one saying "Here he comes," and the other "There he goes." Any one who has attempted to stop him midway will appreciate the aptness of this suggestion. These diving ducks have plump heavy bodies and relatively short concave wings, which are moved with great rapidity, and their forte is short swift flights, though they are quite capable of extended journeys.

The shallow-water ducks, on the other hand, gifted with long, ample wings, often rise high in air, even when not migrating, and seem to fly for the mere pleasure of it. They seem to fly without effort, and they are able to keep on the wing almost indefinitely without apparent fatigue. Think of the possibilities of travel open to such powers of wing! Dinner in the Gulf of Mexico; breakfast next morning in Hudson Bay; to-morrow, if you please, Alaska.

As ducks spend the important breeding season far removed from civilization, there is no reason why they should not continue abundant indefinitely if given reasonable protection during migrations and in their winter resorts. Most of the infamous devices by means of which the market hunters formerly slaughtered such numbers have now been prohibited by law. But constant persecution and the restriction of feeding-grounds have greatly thinned the ranks in the East, and at least one maritime species—the pied-duck—appears to have been completely exterminated within a few years past. Many species are still abundant along the Atlantic coast, however, and myriads of them are to be found during migrations in certain regions of the Northwest. I have seen flocks of mallards and pintails that literally blackened the ground for acres on an Iowa prairie in the spring. On the wing such flocks present a very pretty spectacle. They circle about swiftly, many thousands performing the same evolution in unison, giving the appearance of a black cloud that momentarily changes to white as the birds veer in a way to show the under surface of their wings. Such flocks can never be stalked successfully, and they tarry so short a time in the spring migration that it is hardly worth while to study their lines of flight with a view to building blinds. Indeed, it would be far wiser for all sportsmen to forego spring shooting altogether. There is no more wisdom in shooting ducks just before the breeding season than in shooting quail or grouse at that time, though the migratory habits of the water-fowl seem to blind many sportsmen to that fact. Rather let them go on to the North unchallenged, and in the fall each pair will return at the head of a family to reward the sportsman's forbearance.

The autumn flight is very much more extended in time than the vernal one, and though the aggregate number of birds is of course larger, the enormous flocks of the springtime are seldom seen. Companies of a dozen or twenty usually fly and feed together, but at night and at mid-day many such companies come to a common roosting and bathing place in a pond or rice swamp. As cold weather comes on, crusting the smaller ponds, the larger lakes are resorted to by the hardier species, such as the mallard and most of the deep-water ducks, while the tenderer ones, notably the teal, move on to the South. Usually the onset of winter is gradual, but occasionally an early snow-storm sweeps over the prairie and takes the fowl by surprise. Of such ill-timed storms the most memorable in recent years was that which swept the Mississippi and Missouri valleys in October, 1880. Such wild-fowl shooting was never known in the West before or since as was had for a few days after that storm about the larger lakes of northwestern Iowa. Fortunately such an opportunity for indiscriminate slaughter comes but once in a generation. Even that is once too often.

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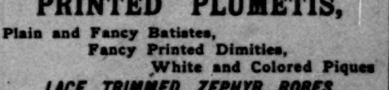

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